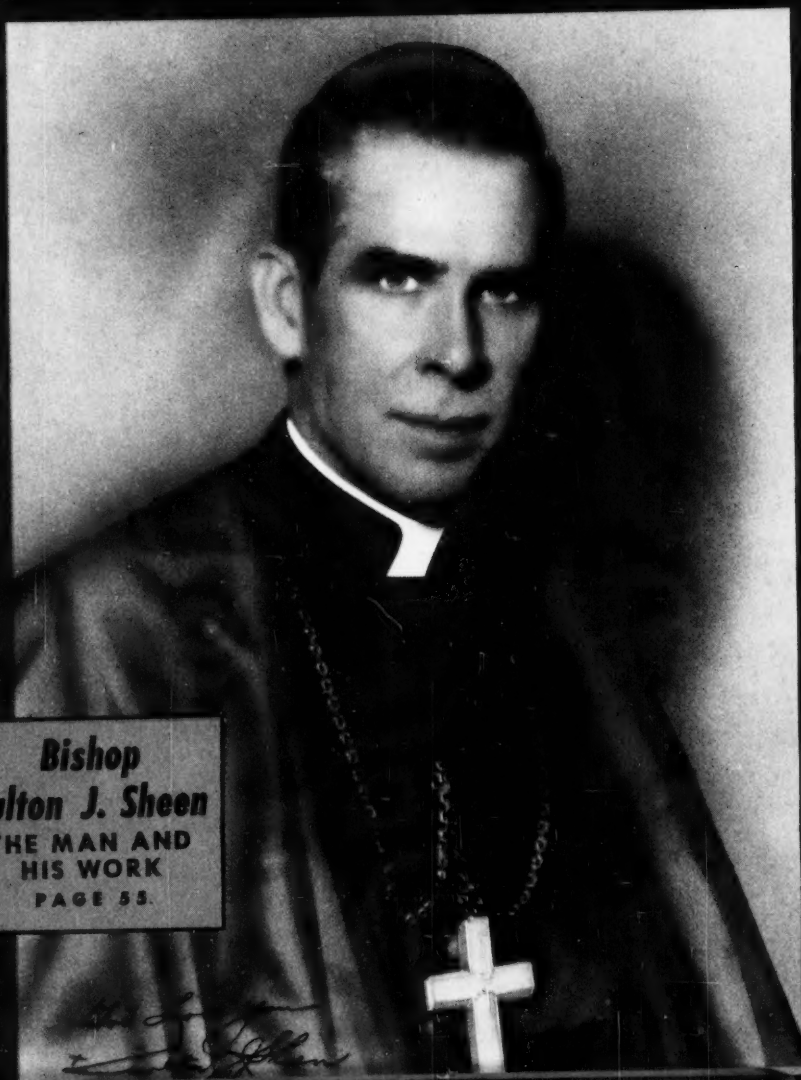


Catholic Digest

OCTOBER 1951



**Bishop
Fulton J. Sheen**
THE MAN AND
HIS WORK
PAGE 55.

CONTENTS

Our Confused Liberals	<i>The Sign</i>	1
First Train Robbery	" <i>The Pinkerton Story</i> "	8
Victory in the Silent Dark	Morton M. Hunt	12
What Inflation Does to You	<i>Changing Times</i>	20
Tito, Dangerous Ally	" <i>Balkan Caesar</i> "	23
UNRRA Paid the Russian Check	Freeman	26
Rosary Under Mortar Fire	<i>New Era</i>	30
Land for Italy's Landless	<i>The Sign</i>	36
Cortisone For All	<i>United Nations World</i>	40
Vatican Radio 1951	<i>St. Anthony Messenger</i>	45
The Feeling of Guilt	" <i>Guilt</i> "	49
Bishop Fulton J. Sheen	Gretta Palmer	55
Men and Women at Work	<i>Picture Story</i>	63
Stephen and Stepinac	" <i>Letters to the Martyrs</i> "	76
How to Freeze Your Foods	" <i>Meat for the Table</i> "	83
The Four Horsemen's Last Ride	" <i>The Rose Bowl</i> "	85
Progressive Education in Pasadena	Harold J. O'Loughlin	89
Our Town's Negro Ball Players	<i>Today</i>	94
The Prairie Before the Plow	<i>Audubon</i>	109
D'Ps—From No Place to Some Place	<i>Picture Story</i>	118

BOOK SECTION

Inuk, Hunter of the Arctic	" <i>Inuk</i> "	97
Flights of Fancy, 22	This Struck Me, 54	Open Door, 82
Books of Current Interest, 113	Index, 115	

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The Word in the World

Our Confused Liberals

U. S. grand jury foreman clears the smoke screen hiding subversives

By JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI

Condensed from *The Sign**

ONE CANNOT engage in the community enterprises of New York City, as I have, without meeting people of widely diverse outlooks. Of all I have encountered the most confused are those who once proudly called themselves "liberals." Today many of them are so beset with doubts that they can give no definite statement of where they do stand.

Their confusion comes from events like the charges of Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, the convictions of Alger Hiss and William Remington, the confessions of Klaus Fuchs and Harry Gold, the curiously unresolved Judith Coplon and *Amerasia* cases, and the persistent accusation that there are communists in the State department.

By a turn of a wheel in a courtroom, I was chosen Dec. 16, 1948,

for a special Federal grand jury to investigate espionage. The date is significant. Hiss had been indicted the night before. My appointment as foreman was duly noted in the press. Thereafter, whenever the conversation turned to communism, I was a marked man, even though Hiss had been indicted before I began my grand jury duty.

The self-styled liberals obviously believed Hiss innocent. They were eager for me to agree. They had their first shock, I suspect, when Whittaker Chambers' charges against Hiss before the House Un-American Activities committee were first publicized in the summer of 1948. They were indignant, in many instances screamingly so.

President Truman gave them hope when he sought to discredit the entire investigation. I fancy it was comforting for the "liberals" to

**Union City, N. J. September, 1951.*

believe that Chambers was being manipulated by politicians who were employing "red herrings" and engaging in "witch hunts." Later they took up catchwords that became increasingly popular: "guilt by association," and "character assassination." And they were highly delighted when Hiss sued Chambers for libel. For they were positive at that time that a man of Alger Hiss's position and gentlemanly charm could not possibly be guilty.

But the second shock came with Hiss's indictment. These "liberals" found it difficult at first to believe it had happened. They convinced themselves that there had been a miscarriage of justice.

The confusion of the "liberal" circle increased when four months later we indicted Judith Coplon, an employee of the Justice department, and Valentin Gubitchev of the United Nations staff, on various charges including conspiracy to commit espionage. Fewer voices from the liberal camp cried "witch hunt" this time. Although Judith Coplon was an honor graduate of Barnard, she was not of the "liberal" elite. They had not entertained and praised her as they had Alger and Priscilla Hiss. Nor had she in her own person represented opinions and policies which they had adopted as their own. Finally, her exposure did not involve others in suspected government groups.

During those spring months of 1949, when I presided on the 14th

floor of the New York Federal courthouse, the trial of the communists in Judge Harold S. Medina's court was dragging along. The liberal protests were not based on the belief that the defendants were not communists, since it was obvious they were. Instead the protests were against the Smith act, under which the communists were charged and later convicted. And, only weeks after June, 1951, when the Supreme court upheld the act, the American Civil Liberties union began its fight to repeal the act.

When in June, 1950, the trial of Alger Hiss began in the same courthouse, there were no special protests. The liberals were confident that a verdict of "not guilty" was the only one possible. During those weeks when the presiding judge, Samuel H. Kaufman, permitted the proceedings to take questionable turns, I listened to many one-sided arguments to demonstrate Hiss's innocence. Naturally, I could not refute them by referring to evidence I had heard under the seal of secrecy. I could offer, however, a fair rebuttal based on what facts of the case were publicly known at that time.

The first trial resulted in a hung jury. Between it and the second I noted that either the number of my pro-Hiss acquaintances had lessened considerably or that they were less vocal. During the second trial, at which Thomas J. Murphy, the now-famous prosecutor, scored his final

victory, my "liberals" were even more silent. Yet when he was sentenced, there remained a goodly number of die-hards. They shared the opinion expressed so shortly thereafter by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt at the University of Iowa: "It seems rather horrible to me that an innocent man could be found guilty on the uncorroborated word of a confessed perjurer."

One of my acquaintances tossed her statement at me. I patiently explained that Mrs. Roosevelt was either malicious or incredibly misinformed about federal criminal procedures. No grand jury would indict an accused on the "uncorroborated word" of any man. If, by some weird chance, it did, the indictment would have been quashed in short order by the district attorney himself; or, if not by him, by the court. Of course, Mrs. Roosevelt, and likely her close associate of many years, Dean Acheson, persisted in believing Hiss was innocent. Since his conviction was upheld in March, 1951, she has not publicly stated any change of mind.

The Hiss defenders went into paroxysms when Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy made his charges against Lattimore *et al.* Actually they were so wrought up about even the whitewashing Tydings committee that they nearly missed what the New York grand jury was doing.

Indeed, the press was itself not particularly alert in those first few days when we began the investiga-

tion which led to the indictment of William Remington. He was charged with perjury in swearing he was not, and never had been, a communist. In a portrait-article in the *New Yorker*, he had been set up as the symbol of the "persecuted young liberal." When I handed up his indictment in open court, headline streamers followed.

Thereafter I was curious about the reaction of all my "liberal" friends to this indictment. But my curiosity was not satisfied. They had nothing to say about it. Perhaps the Hiss experience has chastened them. In any event the majority of them were too intent on exclaiming "Down McCarthy! Up Lattimore!" It was not until Remington had been convicted that the question of loyalty in government employees became of great public interest. It is this question which the liberals, anxious that Hiss and Remington be forgotten, are fighting to have shelved today. But the conviction of Remington showed that the screening for subversives was inadequate.

It is doubtful that the majority of Americans understand even now what was wrong with the Truman loyalty program. It was set up because of public demand, none of which came from the liberals. The President established a system of investigators in governmental departments and over them a top loyalty board headed by Seth Richardson. Government employees could

appeal to this board from a department's decision. That seemed fair enough. But the attorney-general's office issued a ruling that the Richardson board could decide against the appellant only if it had proof that the employee was disloyal *at the present moment*. It could consider nothing of his past record.

The board cleared Remington. It remained silent before criticism. Remington had been accused of having been a communist and an espionage agent. The board could have explained that the charges concerned Remington's acts in the early '40s and that an executive order forbade it to consider the man's past acts. But to have explained would have given the show away. Remington's conviction in 1951 exposed the Richardson board for what it was—a body powerless by executive order to do the job the public relied on it to do.

But Remington's indictment in May, 1950, stirred congressional determination to provide stronger safeguards against subversives. By midsummer the liberals, together with the Administration, were fighting to head off the McCarran Subversive act. It was passed, but the battle continued: not all the provisions of the act have been made operative.

The act called for appointment of a new subversive control board. Mr. Truman blandly named Seth Richardson as its chairman. He must have known that this appoint-

ment would be challenged after the Remington case. Actually the Senate committee involved took no action and, lacking official confirmation, the new board has proven ineffective to this date. Nor has the stalemate between the President and Congress been solved as yet, although Mr. Richardson finally resigned in the late spring.

The entire question of loyalty procedures therefore remains tangled. And the liberals, I believe, would like it to remain that way. Two comments made following the Supreme court's ruling to uphold the conviction of the 11 communists sentenced by Judge Medina are illuminative.

One of the two was written by Max Lerner who conducts a column for the *New York Post*; the other is by Mrs. Roosevelt. Both took issue with the Supreme court's decision. Mr. Lerner wrote that the communists' "arrests still represent a continuing hunt for dangerous thoughts, and not the punishment of seditious and treasonable acts." Mrs. Roosevelt, in her typical manner, said, "In this particular case I am not sure that our forefathers—so careful to guard our rights of freedom of speech, freedom of thought and freedom of assembly—would not feel that the Supreme court had perhaps a higher obligation to point out whether a law endangers these freedoms."

One-track concentration on "freedom" is today characteristic of the

so-called liberal view. I say "one-track" because the theory does not couple the freedom of the citizen with his responsibilities. It advances no plan to keep freedom from being perverted to license. The communists were found guilty of conspiracy to overthrow the government. But the extreme liberal theory is that they should be freed unless proven guilty of an overt act which actually sets off a revolution. That same old record will likely be played again this autumn when the second-string American communist leaders go on trial.

Distortion goes on even when statements appear to be made on the basis of known facts. The liberals who dismissed *Seeds of Treason*, a most factual book on the Hiss case, as being pro-Chambers, quickly took Alastair Cooke's *A Generation on Trial* as their pro-Hiss bible. In reality, Mr. Cooke presented the Hiss trial and conviction factually but concluded with doubts that the conviction proved anything. He did not indicate that legal limitations kept some facts out of the trial proceedings. No evidence that Hiss was a communist at least as late as 1945 could be brought up at his trial. Evidence was restricted to a time period ending before the summer of 1939.

The typical liberal position is that reasonable doubt of a government employee's loyalty is not sufficient to justify his dismissal. It insists that disloyalty be proved in the

strict legal manner of the courtroom. If this proof must be demanded then I feel safe in saying that few if any suspected employees would ever be discharged. For the fundamental fact is that loyalty or disloyalty is a disposition, a state of mind. It is as impossible to prove legally that I am loyal as it is to prove I am in the state of grace.

This difficulty need not exist, however, if the problem is approached on an entirely different and sound basis. All the members of the grand jury which I headed signed a presentment which was made an official court record on June 15, 1950, the day of its discharge. In its preamble, the presentment stated that "the nation, confronted with an entirely new situation in its history—a situation in which for the first time the loyalty of certain of its own citizens has been diverted to a foreign ideology—has not as yet devised adequate means to combat this menace."

It stressed the point that individual civil rights must be protected but declared that these rights do not include "the right to be employed by the government"; and added, "the people are correct in demanding that all entrusted with the welfare and safety of the country be above suspicion" based on reasonable grounds.

The presentment then went on to be explicit about the existing loyalty procedures: "The grand jury is

not convinced that the Loyalty boards established by the government are sufficient protection against the infiltration of communists, or of the communist-inspired, into governmental departments. It is further convinced that the security of the country is not adequately protected if a loyalty board limits its inquiry involving governmental employees to a determination of the individual's loyalty. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, on his retirement as secretary of commerce, called public attention to this inadequacy, and stated that, since all governmental departments 'today deal with secret information,' each and all their employees should be good security risks and hence should be screened by standards that include 'the company they keep and stability of character.'

"The grand jury endorses Mr. Whitney's position and recommends that Congress study means to insure against the government's employment of any individual who is 'a poor security risk'; and meanwhile repeats that no citizen is invested with the right to work in government.

The "liberals" have confused the issue by arguing as though this latter right actually exists, and in the process, I suspect, they have further confused themselves. Last autumn, when it became apparent that the judiciary committee headed by Senator McCarran was embarking on an investigation into communist in-

filtration, the President established the Nimitz commission. The act had too many semblances of being a blind to win my confidence. The purpose announced, nevertheless, was admirable. In brief, it was to examine proposals and determine procedures in line with those recommended by the grand jury. But the Nimitz commission died a-borning because it never gained Congressional approval.

The McCarran committee investigation, on the other hand, has been forwarded and is under way. I was happy to learn last winter that it was keeping behind closed doors because this procedure conformed with another grand-jury recommendation "that all investigating bodies conduct their inquiries in secret" if these involve espionage and related subjects. We did add that this "does not imply that when such investigations are completed, secrecy should thereafter prevail." Occasional items in the press in past months have done no more than indicate that the inquiry progresses.

I write this with the conviction that this autumn the committee will give the public a report which will bring light into many areas which the administration has carefully kept under a blackout. Sen. James D. Eastland, of Mississippi, one of the committee members, and a man of calmness and wisdom, declared that America will be "shocked to its heels" by testimony

concerning communist infiltration in the Army, State department, Immigration service and other government agencies.

When the committee eventually makes the reports of its hearings public it may possibly accompany these with blueprints to set up standards of government personnel screening that will prove fair, workable and effective. Should this occur, I anticipate from what I

know of the extremists among the liberals, that they will further busy themselves to confuse true issues.

As long as these people are dominant in their influence, the American people must be both alert and informed to avoid being themselves deceived. Certainly the communist cause is well served by confusion. Such "liberals" provide more of this commodity than the communists themselves.

Prayers for a Journey

NEVER did dying men have so many prayers said for them so quickly as the two speedboat drivers killed in the Gold Cup race on Lake Washington, Seattle. Bill O'Mara, reporting the sports classic, led hundreds of thousands in the television audience in a prayer for the racers' souls.

Before the 250,000 spectators who lined the Lake Washington course knew that the racers had gone down with their boat, Bill O'Mara got the flash. He dropped to his knees and told his vast audience:

"I hope no one will be offended, but I am a Catholic by religious choice and I know only one thing I can do now for those men. Won't you join me in saying the Lord's Prayer for them?" Making the Sign of the Cross, he led the prayer through to the end. And the TV camera lens, which had been picking up the thrilling spectacle of spray-plumed boats speeding upwards of 100 MPH, now showed the kneeling figure of the popular sports announcer leading unseen thousands in prayer—prayer that speeded faster than light to the throne of mercy.

Orth Mathiot, 56, and his co-driver, T/Sgt. Thompson Whitaker, 27, both of Portland, were the men killed in the first fatal accident in the Gold Cup race's history. Their boat, *Quicksilver*, was badly outclassed in the race by *Slo-mo-shun V*, the *Hornet*, and *Slo-mo-shun IV*. It went out of control on a turn and dived to the bottom of the lake. Bodies of the men were not recovered until hours later.

KING-TV said the station had an extraordinary number of calls concerning the dramatic prayer. Some were critical, the station said, but most praised O'Mara's spontaneous act of faith and charity.

O'Mara, popular sportscaster, has been in radio and television since he graduated from the University of Minnesota 12 years ago. He has been with KING-TV for three years.

Catholic Northwest Progress (10 Aug. '51).

The Pinkerton Detective Agency broke up the gang that perpetrated the first crime on rails



First Train Robbery

By JAMES D. HORAN and
HOWARD SWIGGETT

Condensed from a book*

THE FIRST train robbery in America, if not the world, was committed Oct. 6, 1866, a few miles from Seymour, Ind.

Three men boarded the wood-burning Ohio & Mississippi railroad train at the Seymour depot and took their seats in the forward coach. The bell on the engine clanged, and the train started off with a series of spine-snapping jerks, then chugged down the narrow-gauge rails into the twilight. The bored passengers in their uncomfortable wooden seats stared at the passing countryside or tried to doze.

In the Adams Express car, the messenger was writing his waybills at the desk. A few miles outside of Seymour, he looked up as three robbers, guns drawn, burst into the car.

"I'll take this," the leader said, and put \$10,000 in his pocket. One of the gang pulled the bell cord, and another opened the side door of the car. The train ground to a stop, its wheels skidding on the rails. The robbers rolled the unopened safe through the door, and jumped. The crew was not prepared to resist, and the train chugged off.

The robbers carried the safe, a large iron box, into the woods. They were unable to pry open the top, and were forced to flee when a posse came up on handcars. Evening was quickening when Seymour heard of the holdup. Crowds gathered at the depot to question the possemen who puffed their way up the tracks on handcars, their torches hissing in the night air. Everybody who could elbowed and pushed through the mob to see the battered, mud-covered iron box, with the jimmy-marked top. Within an hour telegraph wires were humming with the news.

The Adams Express Co. was one

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of Pinkerton's important clients, and Allan Pinkerton hurried to Indiana. A gang known as the Renos, two brothers and a desperado named Sparks, were the logical suspects. Pinkerton discovered that they were entrenched in their Jackson county stronghold behind a barrier of bribed officials, sympathizers, paid informers, and kinfolk.

A jovial red-faced man opened a saloon in Seymour a few weeks after the robbery. The Renos apparently never questioned him. The barkeep was Dick Winscott, a Pinkerton man. The Renos paid a visit to the new saloon; Winscott made sure they liked what they found. Winscott hinted that he had taken part in more than one shady deal himself. The outlaws gave the place their blessing.

John Reno spent nearly every evening in the smoky tavern playing his favorite game of hearts with his henchmen. Sometimes there were wild drinking parties. During one, Winscott managed to get John and Frank Reno "to sit on stools with their beer glasses and pose for a picture." While the gang roared their approval, the

train robbers stared drunkenly at the camera. The Renos were so befuddled they never noticed that Winscott kept the pictures. A few weeks later, copies of the only pictures of Indiana's outlaw chieftains were being circulated throughout the Pinkerton agency.

Some months after the robbery, two young outlaws encouraged by the success of the Renos staged another robbery near Seymour. The Adams Express Co. was again the victim; the loot this time came to \$8,000. The train was robbed at about the same spot where the first robbery had occurred and in about



The robbers stared drunkenly at the camera

the same fashion by "two young men from Jackson county."

The Renos heard of the robbery shortly after it had been committed. They were outraged. Who were the upstarts who had the audacity to rob a train in Reno territory?

John summoned his brothers, and horsemen galloped about the countryside gathering the gang. A motley crew of cutthroats, murderers, horse thieves, train robbers, and counterfeiterers rallied to the call of the Renos. The weird posse combed the countryside and discovered the two young robbers fleeing in a buggy. The thieves were hijacked of their loot, beaten, and then turned over to the sheriff by the indignant Renos.

A few months later, John and Frank Reno traveled to Gallatin, Mo., and robbed the Daviess county treasury of \$22,065. Although the county treasury offices were not protected by the agency, Weir, president of Adams Express, asked Pinkerton to investigate the robbery. The Renos were identified by witnesses from the pictures Winscott had taken, and Pinkerton decided to arrest them.

Not only was the gang firmly entrenched in local politics, but their armed henchmen roamed the streets. Pinkerton realized that it would be foolhardy to try to seize the Renos in Seymour. The next best thing would be to take the outlaws out of Jackson county by force.

A code message was sent to Winscott to lure Frank or John Reno to the depot platform. Meanwhile, Allan Pinkerton ordered the sheriff of Daviess county to meet him in Cincinnati "with a writ of requisition for the Indiana authorities." In Cincinnati, Pinkerton hired "six muscular men" and a special two-car train. The Missouri sheriff arrived with the writ, and Pinkerton ordered steam kept up day and night while he waited for word from his saloonkeeper-operative.

At last it came. Winscott promised that he would have John Reno at the Seymour depot, "waiting for a friend."

The guards were carefully coached by Pinkerton, and the hired train set out for Indiana. It chugged into Seymour a few minutes before the afternoon express was due to arrive. The train jerked to a halt. Allan Pinkerton glanced out the window. He saw Winscott laughing and talking with a husky black-haired man in a rumpled blue suit. He glanced quickly at his Reno pictures.

"That's our man," he told his guards.

Allan Pinkerton, followed by the "six muscular men from Cincinnati" and the sheriff armed with the "writ of requisition," swung off the car. They moved unhurriedly and aroused no suspicion. Several of the depot loungers looked on half interestedly. Suddenly the strangers surrounded John Reno. Too

late, the train robber saw he was in a trap, and lashed out. The brawny guards and Allan Pinkerton closed in. Bellowing for help, the outlaw chieftain was carried bodily into the first car while the spectators looked on openmouthed. Pinkerton waved, and the train puffed away. Reno was held down, handcuffed, trussed up, and then told by Pinkerton he was being "returned to the authorities of Daviess county in Missouri to answer charges of burglary."

Back in Seymour, the alarm was sounded. Reno's brothers gathered a force, commandeered a train from a siding, and set out in pursuit. But the detective's train had a long start, and the would-be rescuers were left far behind.

Reno was arraigned that same day in Gallatin's probate court. The judge told him fiercely, "You're the man who did this work and we're going to hang you to the highest tree in Grand river bottoms if the money is not returned."

Reno was put into the "condemned jailhouse." Armed guards were put at the doors and windows.

Reno was in jail for three days.

Talk of mob violence grew. On the fourth day, Clay Able, who had given John Reno the tip on the Gallatin robbery, confessed to the sheriff. John heard of Able's confession, and he was aware of the growing anger of the mob.

He hurriedly pleaded guilty. He was sentenced to 40 years at hard labor in the Missouri State penitentiary at Jefferson City. Strangely enough it was the prosecutor who protested. He suggested only 25, "as long enough to end Reno's career." The judge agreed, and amended his sentence.

On Jan. 18, 1868, John Reno was taken in a wagon to meet the train for Jefferson City. It was a tense journey for the guards, and for the desperado himself, who expected at any minute that "the ball would open and the hard fighting begin."

"The ball" did not open, and Reno was delivered to the penitentiary.

Reno later wrote, "When we arrived at the prison gates I looked up and read in large letters over the entrance: 'The way of the transgressor is hard; admission 25¢.' But I was on the deadhead list, and went in free."

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He followed in the footsteps of Helen Keller, and left an open path for others who are handicapped

Victory in the Silent Dark

By MORTON M. HUNT

THE hundred-odd members and guests of the Rotary club in Garden City, Long Island, stood up and applauded enthusiastically. The men beamed and shook their heads in admiration; some of the women dried their eyes. On stage, a young man who had just delivered a lecture on how to meet and deal with blind persons, and how to give them a better break in life, smiled and nodded his thanks. His lecture had been brilliant, clear, and exciting—but what brought the people to their feet was the fact that the lecturer, Robert Smithdas, was not only totally blind but totally deaf.

When he lectured, it was into a black soundless void, in which he knew there must be people; but he could neither hear their applause nor see their smiles. This man who stood at ease on a lecture platform had been living in a soundless, lightless world from the age of five, cut off from all contact with other human beings except through touch.

But Bob Smithdas has come a long way. Instead of being a helpless,

hopeless prisoner within his own body, he has pioneered in developing himself. He has learned ways to get around his immense personal tragedy. Bob can "read" the manual alphabet hand signals rapidly and fluently, or can lip-read with his fingers pressed against the mouth and throat of a speaker. He has learned to speak aloud accurately and fluently, though he cannot hear the faintest whisper of the sounds he makes. And he can swim, dance, play cards, type, and wrestle.

Most important of all, he is the first male (and only the second human being) to have completed a college education in spite of this overwhelming double handicap. Helen Keller was the only other person who did it, and she was fortunate enough to have a day-and-night companion always with her throughout her life. Bob Smithdas has done it with only the part-time help of various teachers and assistants.

When Bob was born in Pittsburgh, in 1925, he was a perfectly

normal baby. His father was a Lithuanian steel worker who had adopted the simple American name of Smith, but couldn't help decorating it with a Lithuanian ending. All five children were healthy youngsters. Bob, the youngest, grew up in a small new house in a residential suburb, and played on sunny lawns and in backyards, or in a patch of woods. To this day, he can remember how the lawn looked, and how the neighbor's black tomcat used to gleam in the sunshine as he lay sleeping on the porch.

But then, one day, five-year-old Bob came in from play to take his nap, and lay on the sofa whimpering in his sleep. He dreamed someone was sticking needles into his back; he tried to wake up but a gray fog was closing in from all sides. He couldn't tell where he was. He screamed for his mother. Later he knew vaguely that he was in a car speeding somewhere. Then, nothingness.

In the hospital the doctors looked gave. "Cerebrospinal meningitis," they told his terrified parents. "He may or may not recover; and if he does, he may not regain his sight and hearing. We're doing all we can, but there isn't much help for it."

The little boy lived, but he had become a prisoner in the most solitary of all jails. Imprisoned in his own brain, he lay in a constant, silent midnight, not knowing whether he was asleep or awake, not knowing

what lay outside the blackness, nor what had happened to him. But there was one temporary chink in the wall—his right ear accidentally had retained 10% of its hearing. After several months of semiconsciousness, he faintly heard his mother shouting Hello at him, and made some feeble reply. She wept for joy, and ran into the corridor, calling for the doctor.

When they brought Bob home, no one knew what to do with him. The only way the family could talk to him was to shout, word by word, into that one ear. Mostly it was simpler to leave him alone. He wandered about, feeling his way around in the strange new world. "I don't think I actually minded it," he told a friend not long ago. "I was too small to care, and I was too busy trying to experience things. It was almost like a game." He learned to feel shadow and sunshine on his face, to make his way around the house and neighborhood without bumping or tripping, and even to climb trees, though he couldn't see the view nor enjoy the feeling of height.

After a while the Smiths family heard about a public institution called the Western Pennsylvania School for the Blind. They sent Bob there during the day. But it was a school for the blind, not the deaf-blind; and poor little Bob was almost beyond the reach of the teachers. To teach him anything at all, they had to take time off from their

classwork and shout at him slowly and painfully in a private room. For the most part, he sat in classes straining to catch wisps of sound, or vacantly dreaming.

But they did manage to teach him the alphabet, and how to feel out the little bumps of Braille on the page. That came slowly, but once he got it, he was in a new world. As soon as he found out that in books he could roam freely through countless landscapes and houses, with numberless playmates, there was no holding him. By the time he was eight or nine, he could read Braille more fluently than a normal child of 12 can read print.

Bob went jousting with King Arthur's knights, swung swords with Ivanhoe, and wept for Othello. His taste switched for awhile to geography, astronomy and geology. They were tales of a world he could never know firsthand. Mrs. Smithdas tried to make him stop and go to sleep at a normal hour. But what could you do with a boy who could read a book under the bedcovers in total darkness at all hours of the night?

Aside from his reading, Bob was making no progress in life. He talked much worse than the five-year-old he had been when the world was cut off. "Why do you talk like a baby?" his parents would yell in his ear, and he would run away somewhere, ashamed and hurt, to solace himself with a book. He couldn't hear well enough to

correct his speech, and he had no idea how to pronounce the thousands of new words he came across in all the books.

A lot of things were confusing and contradictory. It annoyed people if he woke up and wanted to eat. They said something about "middle of the night." His grandmother was named Eve, but nobody could tell him why his grandfather wasn't called Adam; in the books, Eve was married to Adam. He wanted to ask thousands of other questions.

Then one summer morning, when he was 11, Bob awoke to his usual world of darkness, but there was an ominous silence. Even when he felt about for his mother's hand, and asked her something, he couldn't hear the least sound. The one tiny chink in his prison walls had been completely closed. "It's a typical aftermath of meningitis," the doctors said. "There's no help for it." Bob now had no way left to communicate with his unseen family, his teachers, or his playmates in the school.

The teachers gave him lessons and assignments which they typed out in Braille, whenever they could find time. At home, his family occasionally spelled out words in the palm of his hand, but it was a clumsy and painful method of talking. Bob still had his reading with which to comfort himself, but he began to slip badly in school, and to lose touch with the outside. His speech dete-

riorated. He was confused and isolated, with hardly any human contacts.

The director of the school led him into the office one day, and taught him the "manual alphabet"—those positions of the hand and fingers by which mutes converse rapidly in sign language. When Bob learned to hold his fingers lightly over the director's hand, he could sense the signals and thus "receive" words nearly as quickly as slow speech. But except for the director, there was no one with the time or patience to speak to him through these hand signals.

Director Bradley Joyce was a stern man with his pupils and teachers, but deep down he was a kindly soul. The sight of an obviously good mind rotting away called for action. By much diligent talking, he got a trustee of the school, and later the state of Pennsylvania, to put up money to help send Bob Smithdas to Watertown, Mass., to the Perkins Institute for the Blind. Perkins was moderately expensive, but it had teachers and facilities to train the deaf-blind. His father left him with an attendant who talked to Bob via the manual alphabet. Having someone talk to him all day long was a delight he had never known. Bob had arrived there afraid and moody, but by the end of the day he was grinning with delight, happier than he had been in 11 years.

The next day someone slipped her hand under his fingers and rap-

idly signaled, "My name is Miss Hall. I'm going to begin helping you with your speech. You can speak as well as anyone, if you only learn which muscular sensations of your mouth and throat will produce the right sounds." She had him speak a sentence, then told him which words were wrong, which right. When he was wrong, she'd explain how the mouth should be shaped, and he would lay his fingers upon her mouth as she said the word. Sometimes it took a hundred tries to get one word perfect, but Bob was so excited at the prospect of being able to speak easily and use all the vast treasury of words he had gotten from books that he worked at it fiercely and tirelessly.

Classes in high-school subjects were actually coaching sessions, with a teacher talking to Bob via the manual alphabet. For homework, he'd study the huge, light-weight Braille textbooks, and punch out his lessons on a Braille typewriter or sometimes a regular typewriter, both of which he learned how to use.

Only about seven of the 200 students at Perkins were both deaf and blind, but now that Bob could speak to people and be understood, he talked with them all by having them use the manual alphabet, or simply speak aloud while he lip-read with his fingers. He found a keen and almost painful joy in the simple conversations and relationships that most of us take for granted.

After two years at Perkins, Bob

could speak practically as well as a normal person. His manner was, and still is, a little deliberate and careful and a few words are slurred or slightly mispronounced. His eager mind opened up. He rapidly rose to be second, and sometimes first, student at Perkins. He outstripped those who had normal hearing, and lacked only sight.

Spiritually, Bob was able at last to understand the Catholic faith he had been born to. His wide reading had never been able to take the place of face-to-face talks with the priest, an experience now enjoyed for the first time.

Bob learned less important but wonderful things, too. His teachers took him to the pool and taught him to swim, a magnificent experience for him. Then they taught him to dance, feeling the beat of the music in the floor, if not hearing it. They looked at his powerful, heavy-shouldered physique, and decided to teach him wrestling, and it took a powerful and skillful man (even with eyesight) to tangle with Bob. After four years Bob had learned everything they could teach him at Perkins. He was a top-honors high-school graduate now, and a complete human being to boot. Calm, self-confident, and master of his handicaps, Bob was ready for bigger things.

The directors at Perkins advised him and his parents that the best place for him in the East was the Industrial Home for the Blind in

Brooklyn. "They'll teach you some good vocational activity," they told him. "You'll make your way all right, and earn your living easily." Bob and his father found the home to be a neat, modern, large brick building with dormitories, offices, a dining hall, and many workrooms where blind and deaf-blind people made simple household objects.

But the officers of the Industrial home knew that this was no ordinary youth. George Keane, assistant to the executive director, had a talk with Bob, and carefully sounded him out on the idea of college. Bob was afraid to hope he could go on to higher education, but it was his great dream. Keane was cautious. The great Helen Keller had gone to Radcliffe so long ago, and under such special conditions, that no one really knew whether a deaf-blind person could benefit from, and complete, a college education under fairly ordinary circumstances. But Bob was obviously bright. Most important, a good school, St. John's university, a reputable Catholic institution, was within walking distance of the home.

Keane and Peter Salmon, the executive director, had a chat with the Very Reverend John A. Flynn, C. M., president of the university, and Father Cyril F. Meyer, C. M., dean of one of its liberal-arts divisions. They were both unsure of the outcome, but they agreed. The cost of Bob's education, maintenance, and special help would be jointly met

by the Industrial home, a grant from the American Foundation for the Blind, St. John's university, and the New York State Vocational Rehabilitation service.

Since St. John's had no special facilities for handicapped persons, Mr. Keane and Father Meyer talked over the technique to be used with Bob. Some normal student would have to go through college with him, sitting by his side in class and repeating to him, by the manual alphabet, what was being said or done. They found a Brooklyn boy named John Spainer, who agreed to be Bob's class companion. Spainer, a husky, lank-haired youth of 20, had wanted to go to college but couldn't afford it. Now the Industrial home offered to pay his way through and give him a small salary in addition. Spainer came to the home, and met Bob Smithdas. In one day Bob taught him how to use the manual alphabet. For six weeks they "talked" together, Spainer gaining speed and accuracy until he could signal beneath Bob's light fingers almost as rapidly as many people can speak.

In the fall they walked off one morning to the university, and took their seats in class. Spainer faithfully transmitted whatever was said into Bob's hand, and Bob spoke up for himself in his measured flat voice. The other students stared a bit at first, and the Vincentian missionaries, his teachers, were a little self-conscious about it; but very

soon they disregarded everything except that here was a smiling, broad-shouldered round-faced youth with a brilliant mind, with whom they could converse easily and normally, and who had a phenomenal memory and a rapid grasp of any subject from modern government to Thomas Aquinas and Shakespeare.

Bob studied from Braille textbooks, hand-embossed by volunteer Braillists, and when special notes were needed, John Spainer would type them out in Braille for him. At exam time, another employee of the Industrial home gave Bob the questions while Spainer was taking his exams with the rest of the students, and Bob would type his answers on a regular typewriter.

"Say," a fellow student asked Bob one day through John Spainer, "if you use a regular typewriter for your exams, how do you look back over what you've written to see what you said?"

Bob smiled a little self-consciously. "There really isn't any need to look back," he said. "I just remember what I said. I've had to develop my memory, you know." It was an understatement, to say the least. Whenever Spainer, a normally intelligent young man, needed to look up some fact or figure, he'd simply ask Bob.

Without any special concessions from any instructor, or any special exams or tutoring, Bob made the honors list from the first, and con-

sistently averaged 90 in all his courses.

Bob got in on some of the usual college fun, too. He and Spainer went to dances together. For Bob, it was just another place where there was no light and no sound. But with the beat of the music in the floor, and John to tell him everything that was happening, he could be one of the crowd. He danced, more than passably well, and his naturalness and easy manner put his partners at ease in no time.

A fraternity, Sigma Tau Alpha, invited both boys to become pledges during their junior year. Bob was hazed like any pledge, and had ice dropped down his back, and water poured on his head. "Only thing they didn't do," he laughs, "was blindfold me."

Long before Bob became a senior, the experiment was an unqualified success. A deaf-blind man, with only a daytime companion, was able to go through college and get as much out of it as a normal person. For America's 2,500 deaf-blind (some estimates run several times higher), Bob's success opened a door. He has proved that Helen Keller was not unique, and that her success was not inimitable. He has shown that the human spirit need not be confined in a cell, however deep and dark.

Bob sat upon the stage during graduation in June, 1950, with the masters and doctors. In cap and gown, he accepted his diploma, and

although he couldn't hear it, he knew that the dean was reading aloud two messages for him, a congratulatory letter from President Truman, and the apostolic blessing of Pope Pius.

The greatest day of all, however, came soon afterwards, when Mr. Keane said to him, "Bob, I believe you'd be able to do a real fine job of educating the public for us. You can put across to them better than anyone else what the services of the Industrial home can do for the handicapped. We'd like to have you undertake a lecture program, and work here on a regular salary. Will you do it?"

Bob didn't need a second to answer that one. He had come a long way from dreaming of King Arthur, and even a longer way from weaving baskets. He was going to use his training and his college education in an exciting profession.

Since the beginning of 1951, Bob has lectured to 75 groups in towns in Long Island. His audiences have been Kiwanis, Rotarian, Lion, and PTA groups, schoolteachers, and churchgoers. They have been as small as a few dozen, and as large as 3,500. They see Bob sitting at ease on the platform, lighting a cigarette and making sure the match is out afterward by holding it near his lips. They see him check the time by opening the face of his special watch. They hear him lecture, giving a clear, lucid, moving story of how blind and deaf-

blind people can be made happier and more useful through a planned program of help. And they recognize that here is a man who has had the will power and the faith to conquer a disaster that would have destroyed most of us.

Bob himself has no personal ambition, except to keep up his work, and to pioneer in new ways of rehabilitating the handicapped. Officials of the Industrial home say they expect his special kind of work to be more and more important as he progresses, and already there are many indications of new public interest and support for the home's program, in communities where he has appeared.

His first follower, a deaf-blind boy named Richard Kinney, came from Ohio this summer to study with him and John Spainer (who also now works for the Industrial

home), learning how he too can go through college. Kinney is to be an undergraduate at Mt. Union college in Ohio, under a grant from the American Foundation for the Blind.

At the home's recreation center, Bob plays cards (with a special Braille deck) with his blind friends. Sometimes they go swimming together, and sometimes they have square dances. Occasionally he visits blind friends who live in apartments near by. Often he spends an evening reading by himself.

Bob Smithdas's life will always be a special and different one. But it has become varied, rewarding, and exciting, much more so than anyone could have hoped or dreamed. Now, perhaps, there will be many more who will have the courage to hope and dream likewise—and to fight their way out to freedom.



Heartless

COWBOY STAR ROD CAMERON took his small nephew to see a film in which one of the characters perished on the desert. "Rod," the youngster queried in a loud whisper, "what's the matter with the man?"

"He just died," shushed Cameron.

"What made him die?"

"Thirst."

"Why didn't the cameraman give him a drink?"

Harold Helfer.



Constitutional Freedom

IN OUR public schools and state colleges and in most of our nonsectarian colleges and universities, it is all right for the teacher to scoff at God or even to deny His existence. That, of course, is academic freedom. If another teacher, however, offers a defense of God, or any indication that God exists, that is a violation of the Constitution—a violation of the separation of Church and State.

Neil MacNeil to graduates of Bradford Junior College, quoted in *Christopher News Notes* (Summer '51).

What Inflation Does to You

*Money by the bushel seems like a good idea,
but only for a short time*

Condensed from *Changing Times**



TO ANYONE paying \$1.25 a pound for beef, inflation is a scary thing. But to students of history it is old stuff. If you want to get a bird's-eye view of the whole process, take a look at some of the inflations of the past.

Inflation generally accompanies war and postwar periods. Most of the devices now being used to stop our inflation were tried by the French 160 years ago. In 1789, during the early stages of the French revolution, the French National Assembly began issuing paper money known as *assignats*. The notes were redeemable in land that had been seized from the Church.

For the first two years prices in terms of *assignats* were fairly stable and business was relatively good. But at the beginning of 1792 the threat of war caused hoarding. Prices began to rise, or, in other words, the value of the *assignats* began to go down. Inflation was hastened by war with England and the more violent pace of the revolution. In April, 1793, the government tried price control, fixing the price of grain at the average for the first

three months of that year. The first reaction of the farmers, naturally, was to hold grain off the market. Since livestock was not under price control, grain was fed to cattle instead of being sold.

Maximum prices were soon extended to all foods, and to clothing, fuel and leather. Then black markets sprang up. Farmers sold food secretly at higher-than-ceiling prices. Consumers had to line up to buy scarce goods, and bribery of public officials was widespread.

As the value of the *assignats* decreased, people spent them as fast as possible and stocked up on goods. In general, the wealthier people were shrewder and got rid of their money fastest, while the working and middle classes got stuck. Those who had saved suffered, while those who speculated made fortunes.

By 1796 the *assignats*, which had originally been on a par with other French money, were worth less than it cost to make them. The engraving plates were publicly destroyed, and eventually France returned to gold and silver money.

The Civil War in the U. S. offers another good picture of inflation. When the war started, the Northerners were willing to be taxed heavily to pay the expense. But Lincoln's secretary of the treasury, Salmon P. Chase, leaned more toward government borrowing. This borrowing became so heavy that tremendous amounts of new money were required. While at the start of the war the dollar had been redeemable in gold, the new paper money, known as greenbacks, had to be taken by the public on faith.

The government had originally intended to issue only \$150 million in greenbacks, but once it started printing them, it found it hard to stop. The dollar began to depreciate in value—in other words, prices went up. The total rise was over 80%. People who had put gold dollars into savings accounts before the war, were paid off afterwards in greenbacks worth only 55¢. (The dollars you saved in 1939 are worth about the same amount, 55¢, today.)

Germany had a superinflation. Before the 1st World War, paper marks were readily exchangeable for gold marks. When the war started, the German government dared not increase taxes heavily, for fear of losing the people's support. The treasury began borrowing, which caused the creation of new money and credit. Government borrowings from the central bank became so heavy that it was no longer possible to let people convert

currency into gold. Pretty soon great gobs of paper money appeared. From 1914 to 1919 the amount increased nearly 1300%. Prices climbed. Despite price control, rent control and rationing, by 1921 the cost of living, exclusive of rent, was 17 times what it had been in 1914. Although wages also rose, they did not go up so fast as prices: workers took a cut in real pay.

After the Allies fixed German reparations in 1921, the government began turning out paper money at a frantic rate. In 1914 it had spent 10 billion marks; in 1919 the figure had risen to 63 billion. In 1921 it was 300 billion. Then it jumped to over 8 trillion, and finally in 1923 the government spent nearly 49 quadrillion marks. In that year alone the circulation of paper marks rose from 2 trillion in January to nearly 50 quintillion in December. The cost-of-living index was one and a quarter trillion times what it had been in 1913, while wages had gone up only half a trillion times.

Naturally during this wild price rise, everybody rushed to get rid of cash. People bought anything they could. Old bachelors bought diapers; housewives invested in toothbrushes by the dozen. One morning a pair of shoes might be offered for 3 million marks. By noon the price might be 7 million.

During all this period, of course, creditors suffered and debtors gained. Farmers and homeowners

paid off their mortgages at the cost of a few days' work. On the other hand, owners of government bonds were wiped out, as were people who had, over the years, built up cash values in life-insurance policies. Widows who lived on the income from bonds became paupers. All internal debts were paid off, and the inflation caused a gigantic redistribution of wealth.

Banks and insurance companies, being both creditors and debtors, suffered comparatively little. They took in and paid out depreciated marks without harm to themselves.

But the depositors in the banks and the owners of life-insurance policies, who had paid in good marks years before, were paid off in valueless marks. Their businesses were ruined.

You hear it said, of course, that today's inflation is different from others in history and that today's government officials are smarter and their methods of price and credit control are better and more scientific.

And, of course, that is what has been said at the start of every inflation.



Flights of Fancy



Thirstier than a child that has just gone to bed.—*Parts Pup.*

Silence fell, and the clock took over the conversation.—*H. E. Reece.*

The narrower the mind, the broader the statement.—*Pulse.*

Children with the light of their baptismal candles still shining in their eyes.—*Maud Monahan.*

A late August afternoon, barely breathing.—*H. E. Reece.*

Bachelor: Man who can take a nap on top of the bedspread.

Adult: One who has stopped growing at both ends and starts growing in the middle.—*Powers Moulton.*

Cocktail room: Half-lit room full of half-lit people.—*Mary Dorsey.*

Guest towel: A small body of slightly absorbent linen entirely surrounded by waterproof embroidery.—*Siftings.*

Children: Why's guys.—*Hudson Newsletter.*

Sweater: Garment worn by a child when its mother feels chilly.—*Alma Denny.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

*Communism is communism whether it is
national or international*

Tito, Dangerous Ally

By LEIGH WHITE

Condensed from a book



BUT you seem to think we're fighting communism. We're not. We're fighting Russian imperialism."

The speaker was an officer of the U. S. Department of State. It was the fall of 1949. Within two years of Tito's break with Stalin, the U. S. supplied Yugoslavia with \$125 million in loans, gifts, and credits.

In addition, ECA flour worth \$11½ million was diverted to Yugoslavia from Germany and Italy. Another \$16 million was taken from North Atlantic defense funds to feed Tito's army. Britain contributed \$8½ million for the same purpose. And \$38 million was appropriated by Congress to tide Yugoslavia over until the spring of 1951. In other words, during 1949-50, we and our allies subsidized Tito's quarrel with Stalin to the extent of approximately \$200 million.

Personally, if I were Stalin, I would not invade Yugoslavia until after I had invaded Western Germany, France, and Britain. Tito, whatever else he may be, is still a

communist. He is not, and can never be, a genuine ally of the West. Titoism was embarrassing but useful to Stalin. It has been as useful in consolidating Stalin's control of Eastern Europe as Trotskyism was in consolidating his control of Russia. If Tito had not existed, he would have had to be invented. Stalin needed an extra bugaboo in 1948: Tito was a good one.

As a psychological weapon, Titoism is definitely a two-edged sword. It represents a danger to both sides. It can demoralize the West as well as the East. It can lead to the acceptance of totalitarianism everywhere. Pierre Laval once supported Mussolini in the conviction that the latter would be a valuable ally in the impending conflict with Hitler.

**Balkan Caesar. Copyright, 1951, by the author. Reprinted with permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City. 245 pp. \$2.75.*

Is Tito likely to be of any greater value to the West in its impending conflict with Stalin?

When I was in Yugoslavia in the fateful spring of 1941, I greatly overestimated its capacity for resistance. I was so impressed by the rugged geography of the Balkan peninsula that I predicted that the Germans, with all their armor, would never be able to envelop its central mountain fastnesses. It took German Marshal List three weeks to prove how wrong I was.

It might take a Russian marshal, with inferior technical resources, three months to do the same. I can't believe that Tito's army, even at his own evaluation of its prowess, could resist the Russians for very long in 1951 or 1952.

Tito certainly has 500,000 men in uniform but Yugoslavia would have a hard time equipping ten divisions that could be considered "highly trained."

Fewer than 100,000 partisans were ever engaged in battle before the end of the 2nd World War. It is preposterous to maintain that "a large proportion" of Tito's troops have been "trained in actual combat." Even assuming the ridiculous, that Tito would be given time for full mobilization in the event of a Russian invasion, he could never maintain an army without receiving far more supplies than we would be able to send him.

The most that we can hope is that Tito will resist the Russians, in

the event of an invasion, as effectively as he resisted the Germans. But even that modest hope must rest on the unwarranted assumption that Stalin would be foolish enough to invade Yugoslavia in preference to the more important countries of Western Europe.

The U. S. has been led to the brink of catastrophe by men who believe that we can impede the advance of imperial communism by supporting national communism.

If we depend on Titoism to stem the advance of Stalinism, as we depended on Stalinism to stem the advance of Hitlerism, we shall end up by coming to terms with Titoism as we came to terms with Stalinism, to our undoing, in 1945.

Titoism is a lesser evil than Stalinism for one reason only: Yugoslavia, alone, is but a minor threat to our security. But what if Titoism spreads? Would a Titoist Europe be any less of a threat to our security than a Stalinist Europe? Would a Maoist Asia be any less of a threat than a Stalinist Asia? What would it profit the U. S. and its allies to defeat Stalinism at the cost of accepting Titoism?

The effort of the Western powers to appease Tito has failed completely. Tito's rupture with Moscow immobilizes the Western powers in the Balkans, but does not immobilize Russia. As a neutral country, Yugoslavia provides Russia with a better defense than if she were a satellite.

The end of any foreign policy worthy of the name is to achieve positive results. A policy of appeasement is worse than no policy at all. Appeasement is merely acquiescence in the policy of the enemy. If we are to save the free institutions that we have pledged ourselves to defend, we must extend the Truman Doctrine, by degrees, throughout the Balkans and Eastern Europe.

With all our imperfections, we are the leading power of a cringing, frightened world that depends on us for guidance. We must be strong and resolute. Power politics, willy-nilly, is the game that we must play. There is nothing wrong with power politics; indeed, there is no other kind. The goal of all political activity is power, for evil or for good. And what goal could be more worthy than the reassertion of the ideals expressed in the U. S. Constitution?

Yugoslavia is essential to the defense of Western Europe. Tito is a dangerous opponent. If we fail to use him better than he uses us, we shall lose Greece, Turkey, Italy, and Austria, and perhaps all of Europe as well.

In general, I would suggest that we be just as skeptical, and as hypercritical, in dealing with our erstwhile enemy, Tito, as we have been in dealing with our Greek, Turkish, and Iranian allies. If it is the course of wisdom to demand reforms in Greece, Turkey, and Iran, is it not the course of folly to tolerate the myriad abuses of communism in Yugoslavia? We have no right, nor have we the desire, to exact material concessions from any of our beneficiaries. But we do have the right, indeed, we have the most solemn of moral obligations, to exact the utmost in spiritual concessions from every tyrant who presumes to traffic with our alms.

Rebound

"THE Church in Germany can be preserved only by a miracle."—*Cardinal Pacca, the Pope's secretary of state, in 1880.*

"THE late pope has just died; he will be the last of them."—*French ambassador to Rome, to his government in 1799, when Pope Pius VI had died.*

"THE law does not recognize the existence of an Irish Catholic."—*Protestant Irish judge in 1760.*

Thomas P. McNeil in *They Lived the Faith*, Bruce, 1951.

CATHOLICS in the world, 1950: 421,340,901.

UNRRA Paid the Russian Check

(With Russia as a partner, the commies used American and British money for their own political ends)

By HUBERT MARTIN

Condensed from the *Freeman**

BETWEEN June, 1944, and July, 1946, the U.S. Congress appropriated \$2¾ billion for relief in liberated countries. Spending was entrusted to UNRRA, the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. In four years UNRRA built up a staff of 25,000 and disposed of almost \$4 billion. UNRRA also collected an additional \$160 million from the American people by direct appeals. But while our soldiers were freeing Europe from the nazi yoke, UNRRA was, consciously or unconsciously, making the countries of Central and Eastern Europe ripe for communist domination.

The story of how this was done has never before been told. The official history of UNRRA now in print and for sale, hides the significance of the facts it relates. The official historians disclose only minor inefficiency and dishonesty in UNRRA operations.

UNRRA was the testing ground of other UN organizations into which UNRRA methods and UNRRA personnel have since in-

filtrated. Communists could count upon finding "enlightened liberal" advocates in UNRRA to tell the world how reasonable the communist demands for relief supplies really were.

UNRRA owes its origin to the foresight of Winston Churchill, who during the darkest hours of the war, in August, 1940, promised to send food speedily into territories as and when they were freed. Churchill began immediately to store supplies, and 13 months later he proposed an Inter-Allied Committee on Postwar Requirements. Of the 15 governments then at war with Hitler only Soviet Russia refused to cooperate. Russia was not content with its proposed share of influence. Ten weeks later the U.S. had been drawn into the war. The State department then presented the idea of "a strong, policy-making, but small committee," of men from China, Great Britain, U. S., and Russia. This had the effect of giving Russia many times more influence than it would have had in the far larger assembly of the 15 nations fighting Germany.

In theory, the director general of UNRRA had unlimited freedom in the choice of his staff, but in practice he preferred to depend on governmental endorsement. He had no freedom at all when it came to the appointment of Soviet citizens. Thus, loyal communists were appointed to the key positions of deputy director general of the bureau of areas, chief of the mission to Czechoslovakia, chief of the mission to Yugoslavia, and, during the initial stage, chief of the mission to Poland. Russian influence was further increased by policies which UNRRA adopted. Herbert Hoover's type of person-to-person, soup-kitchen relief was disdained. Instead of giving direct assistance to the people themselves, UNRRA gave assistance only to governments. UNRRA aid added tremendously to the power of communist governments and weakened opposition to the point of extinction.

The UNRRA council has resolved that "at no time shall relief and rehabilitation supplies be used as a political weapon, and no discrimination shall be made in distribution for relief supplies because of race, creed or political belief." The record does not tell whether anyone laughed when the resolution was made, nor whether anyone wept. By that vote the choice was made between the governments in exile that had sided with us and the Soviet-backed local authorities.

How UNRRA helped the communists to establish their grip on Czechoslovakia can best be learned from two articles which Ivo Duchacek wrote as a result of his personal experience as liaison officer between General Patton and Czechoslovakia. As the Germans retreated, local administration was taken over by "partisans" who had spent the war years hidden from both Czechs and Germans. Now, backed by the Russian army and aided by UNRRA gifts, the partisans courted the favor of the people. The Czechs were physically helpless and mentally bewildered. They felt that, as at Munich, they were being handed over to a conqueror. In Slovakia, the UNRRA mission admitted that "mistakes have been made and the distribution system was far from perfect." Of course, they found also that "there was no significant amount of deliberate discrimination." A good communist knows instinctively when and how to discriminate. The UNRRA staff could not, of course, control the distribution of relief goods. The UNRRA staff in Poland numbered 422 people at its peak; 260 of them had been recruited in Poland and could not afford to displease the local powers. The rest were medical officers and other specialists. But even if they all had known the language and been free to use their time, there still would have been only one observer to about 150,000 people. Moreover, to speak freely to

UNRRA officials or to complain where communists abounded, might entail considerable risk. In Albania, for instance, the history states "no Albanian was likely to hazard a complaint in the presence of the government escort who always accompanied staff members on their observation tours, and in Tirana the staff found themselves carefully avoided by most of the populace."

But even if unfairly divided, the gifts might still have earned good will for the donors. They did not even do that. When the first UNRRA goods arrived in Warsaw in 1945, "there was little understanding that the goods were actually gifts from an international organization." Could Comrade Menshikov (USSR), who then headed the mission, be expected to tell the people of Poland that 95% of these goods had been contributed by the people of the U.S. and of the British Commonwealth?

Were the people grateful for the gifts? Far from it. As early as February, 1946, Vice-premier Gomulka, of Poland, complained to U.S. Ambassador Lane that UNRRA food was being used as a political weapon. On the occasion of the May Day celebrations he declared publicly that the food shortage in Poland (actually part of the food shortage which then affected the entire world) was "mainly due to propaganda by the reaction." Thus was started one of the most successful communist propaganda lines. Al-

though the Polish government retracted the charge, communists and fellow travelers have continued to exploit it ever since.

The people outside official circles, of course, hardly ever realized that the UNRRA supplies were gifts. How could they? They had to pay cash for what they received, and very considerable amounts of cash, too. The Czechoslovak government, for instance, received 27% of its budget from the sale of UNRRA goods.

UNRRA gifts were a twofold subsidy to the governments that received them. First, they acted as a subsidy at a time when goods were almost unobtainable. Second, by selling them, the governments could get money without asking the elected legislatures for it. According to the agreements concluded with UNRRA, the governments were expected to expend most of this money on further relief. But whatever way it was spent, the effect was always to strengthen the government and weaken criticism.

If UNRRA had imitated Hoover's practice, good will would have been created in precisely those areas in which it is least in evidence today. If there had been no UNRRA at all, the governments of Eastern and Central Europe would have had to buy their own supplies. The need of obtaining foreign credits would have influenced their choice of economic and social policies toward the democracies. They would

have refrained from the large-scale confiscations of foreigners' property upon which they were about to embark. For they could hardly have expected to raise loans in countries whose nationals they were proposing to expropriate. Prudence would also have prevented them from tampering with the lawful property of their own nationals.

By freeing governments from such considerations UNRRA condemned non-communists to economic and political extinction. It is hard to believe that the people who planned and carried out

UNRRA's work should all not have known the probable consequences of the chosen course.

The question is of more than purely historical interest. There are numerous UNRRA officials, 2,131 according to the official history, who have since found positions with other UN agencies. Many have much influence, and it is a profoundly disquieting thought that they may now be engaged, under the Point Four program, for instance, in planning and shaping the future course of the world in the same manner.

UN Vulgate

*A*N AMERICAN classic of English prose was recently translated into the language of the UN. Richard D. Fay, of the faculty of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has produced Lincoln's Gettysburg address in UN jargon.

Eight and seven-tenths decades ago, the pioneer workers in this continental area implemented a new group based on an ideology of free boundaries and initial conditions of equality. We are now actively engaged in an over-all evaluation of conflicting factors. We are met in an area of maximum activity among the conflicting factors . . . to assign permanent positions to the units which have been annihilated in the process of attaining a steady state. This procedure represents standard practice at the administrative level.

From a more comprehensive viewpoint, we cannot assign, we cannot integrate, we cannot implement this area. The courageous units, in being annihilated, have integrated it to the point where the application of simple arithmetical operations to include our efforts would produce only negligible effects.

It is preferable for this group to be integrated with the incompleting implementation, that we here resolve at a high ethical level that the deceased shall not have been annihilated without furthering the project—that this group . . . shall implement a new source of unhampered activity, and that political supervision composed of the integrated units, for the integrated units, and by the integrated units shall not perish from . . . this planet.

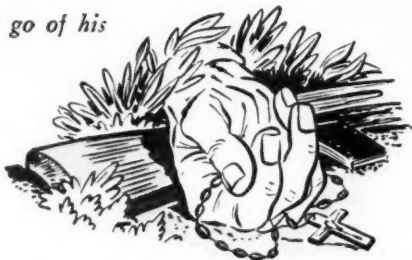
Harvard Alumni Bulletin as quoted in *Time* (13 Aug. '51).

Steve from Hamtramck never let go of his

Rosary Under Mortar Fire

By GAIL SHROYER

Condensed from the *New Era**



YOU'RE an infantry replacement with the 4th division. It's your third day in the line, and your future's behind you. Eighteen guys were with you when you moved up under fire. All of you had come over from England in the stinking hold of a Limey transport. Only four are left. Steve is with you in the weapons platoon of Able company and two others are still over in Baker company. All the others have had it.

Steve had been with you in the repple depple—the replacement depot—back in England. He was loud, boisterous, and you hadn't buddied up with him much. All you knew about him was that he was a Polack from Hamtramck and that his first name was really and truly Zbignieu and that nobody could spell or pronounce his last name.

But four nights ago Steve had teamed up with you to dig the deepest foxhole in the whole forward assembly area. When it wasn't Steve's turn to dig, he'd pull out his rosary and say his beads. He

wasn't loud nor tough any more; he was just a scared kid saying his Hail Mary's. And you'd decided right then that any guy who had a rosary and could pray in three languages, including Russian, was a pretty good guy to latch onto for whatever was coming. Before the two of you rolled up in blankets in the bed you'd just dug, the deal was made.

That is how it came to be that the guy who went with you into what history was to call the Battle of Hürtgen Forest was Steve from Hamtramck, who had a rosary and a fighting heart. That was quite a fracas, back in November and December, 1944. You didn't even know the name of the place until three weeks later.

All you knew was that you're in the middle of a big woods. And you know it was put there on purpose, because the trees grow just like corn, in rows and evenly spaced. And you know that a dead GI stinks just as badly as a dead Kraut, when the two of them have been lying in the mud for a week

and their guts and brains and blood are all over them.

Nobody in the world can tell *you* that those Krauts can't drop a mortar shell into a hole two feet wide and six feet long. You'd gone down to Baker company to see a couple of guys who'd moved into the line with you. All you'd got when you asked for them were some funny looks. Finally a sergeant took pity on you. He led you over to their hole and told you, with a little catch in his throat, "There's your friends down there—what's left of them!"

And that was when you'd puked and gone stumbling back to Able company. You crawled back into your hole with Steve and told him there were only two out of 19 now, and couldn't he please do some talking with that rosary.

It's pretty late, and Thanksgiving day, when you find out for sure just how wonderful Steve is with that rosary, and that it even works for backsliding Methodists. The platoon sergeant pokes his face over the side of your hole. He tells you and Steve that the two of you now are a carrying party to go back to the forward battalion CP for the turkey for the platoon. You tell the sergeant that if it's all the same to him you're not particularly hungry for turkey right now. But that cuts no cake with the sergeant.

It's 400 yards to where you're headed and 400 yards back. The shell-pocked path you have to fol-

low winds along an open slope. The Krauts can follow you every step and almost drop mortar shells in your hip pocket, even when you're moving on the double.

The guys from Graves Registration don't move into areas when they're still that hot. Fourteen dead GI's, mostly from carrying parties that made the trip in days just past, litter the trail. Your throat chokes up and your heart pounds every time you pass one, lying right where he got it. Everyone has the same resigned look on his face.

The turkey and fixings are in a Momson jar. You and Steve take it between you, and head back. This is how the guys usually get it, when they're close together. And on the way back the jar is dropped a dozen times when you and Steve have to hit the mud. But you don't get hit; that's the important thing. About 100 yards later you're back at the sergeant's little platoon CP. You don't wait for your turkey, though, because it's just not good standing around up there. The bottom of your own foxhole means safety of a sort. You and Steve head over that way. Then you feel sure you've come the wrong way when you get there because there's not a foxhole there any more. There's just a big shell crater that wasn't there when you'd left. You look at Steve and he looks at you and neither of you say anything. Finally, Steve crosses himself and breaks out those beads. The two of you

move in with the sergeant for the night.

Early in the morning there's an ungodly crackle of rifle and BAR fire in the woods down ahead of you. Able company's rifle platoons are dug in there. There's the lightning splatter of Kraut burp guns lending an overtone of death to the whole hellish symphony, and Steve is busy with his beads. It seems like all the 88's in Germany are screaming in on the weapon platoon's position. All you can do is crouch closer to the bottom of the hole. Then it becomes deady quiet.

You hear somebody yelling, "Where's that hit guy?" You know that a medic's out there. He's probably been there all the time those shells were coming in, worried more about a guy who'd been hit than about himself. You poke your head out of the hole and see him standing about ten yards away, caked with mud and blood. The walking wounded are already trickling up out of the woods, asking the everlasting question, "Where's the aid station, Mac?"

It's 10 o'clock that morning, the day after your memorable Roosevelt Thanksgiving. The sergeant announces that the battalion is moving up, deeper into the woods and into new positions. Living off the dead is instinctive to a guy in combat, even if they hadn't told you how back at Fort McClellan. You only have to go back a little way to get full canteens for Steve

and yourself from guys who won't be needing them any more.

Steve and you are ammunition bearers in the mortar section, and the section moves out in single file behind the sergeant. Twelve mortar shells in two canvas bags weigh a lot when your legs are made of water. You don't know yet how you ever completed that first move with the outfit. All you remember of that first move up is that Steve, loaded down with mortar shells like yourself, is just up ahead and a little to the right. He's carrying his M-1 at ready, but only the thumb and forefinger of his left hand are on the barrel. The other three fingers are pressing that rosary into his sweating palm. When you and Steve are ready to dig in again, Steve opens his hand and shows the rosary, all in a ball. The mark of the cross is deep in his palm. Steve kisses the beads and puts them into his pocket before starting to dig.

It's seven attacks through the woods toward the Roer river dams and seven foxholes later that the thing takes place that brings the war to a close as far as you and Steve are concerned. For a long time now, you and Steve have been the only ones left out of the 19 who moved up as a replacement group. Remember, this was the battle of Hürtgen Forest, and by the end of the day on Dec. 3, 1944, there were almost no men in Able company left on their feet, and the

fighting strength of the entire 4th division was down to less than regimental standards.

But it's on the evening of Dec. 2 that the show heads toward a climax for you and Steve. On that afternoon the whole 1st battalion is sent into an attack across an open field in the middle of the cultivated forest. They move right into the face of point-blank 88 fire from two Tiger tanks in the woods. There isn't much left of the 1st battalion nor of Able company by the time a couple of bazooka teams take care of the tanks.

You and Steve finally get to the position you are to occupy as outposts. It's in a natural draw about 10 feet wide at the top and 10 feet deep. Its sides slope down to a narrow, beaten path. It takes two hours of steady digging before you complete a hole that's big enough for the two of you. Between the everlasting drizzle and steady sweating from every pore, there's not a dry inch of clothing on your bone-aching frame.

You and Steve lose all count of the mortar shells that swistle in during the long night. The shells keep klunking in, exploding with bright blue and purple flashes. The chunks of the shells keep scrunching into the soft dirt barricade in front of your shelter. Steve's rosary really gets a workout and, as far as you're concerned, it's paying off every minute you stay alive.

It's about 6:30 in the morning

when Steve admits to having a feeling he's not going to be around much longer. Coming from anyone else you'd call it hamming, but after what you've been through with Steve, you know there's just no ham there. And that's why you're not just going along with the gag when you make the promise to visit his mother some day, give her the wallet and watch he hands you, and tell her that Steve was thinking of her all the time he was away. Steve hangs onto the rosary, but you promise that it also will go with the wallet and the watch if that's the way it's going to be.

It's seven o'clock that same morning of Dec. 3 when the hinges of hell blow off. You've just been wondering if the folks at home would have slept as well if they'd known how long and thin was the American front line in Germany, or how many foxholes were empty, or how many endless miles of unprotected, empty space existed behind that long, thin, exhausted line.

Your wondering comes to an abrupt halt when the 88 barrage that's the daddy of 'em all starts drowning out the swooshing thud of the mortar shells. The 88's scream in on Able and Baker companies so fast you can't count them, even if there were time for counting.

There's an abrupt halt to the barrage, and all the automatic-weapon and small-arms fire in the world

starts sprackling, down in the Baker area. Then you hear a crashing through the thickets. A GI comes staggering into sight, stark terror on his face and his right hand clutching his shattered, bloody left arm, as though to keep it from falling off.

You point the way to the second foxhole, where there's a medic. Before the GI makes for it he gives you the news that the Krauts have busted in on Baker company in battalion strength and will probably be heading up the draw in no time at all. That's when you and Steve understand, without a word passing between you, that it's time to come out of the hole and get ready to lay it on the line. The chips are down and the hand is being called.

Steve takes one of the BAR rifles, and heads down the draw, to take up a position on its upper edge. His pockets are bulging with BAR magazines and he's got all the grenades he can carry.

You spread your exhausted carcass in a little depression at the top of the draw opposite the foxhole, set up your BAR, and hope to God you never have to use it. It's not until later in the day that you find out about the forward observer of the cannon company. He was dug in with Baker company and called his shots so accurately that almost a whole Kraut battalion was wiped out.

But the Krauts start out of the

woods and across the clearing. There are about 30 of them, terrifying, gray-green shapes in the early morning mist. The burp guns most of them carry are spitting an insane, vicious chatter, just like there was something to shoot at, when there's only you and Steve, neither of you visible. They've come about 50 yards before you can stop shaking and sight down that BAR barrel. You don't aim at any one of the shapes in particular; you just move the butt back and forth about three inches and hope the 20 doses of death in the magazine do as much damage as possible.

Steve's weapon cuts loose from his position down the draw, and you see some of the gray shapes double up, clutching their guts and screaming. The ones who don't get hit bend down and start back for the woods. Your heart begins to pound again, only this time in relief, and it takes a lot of swallows to get down all the lumps clattering up your throat.

By about eight o'clock there's been no sound of fighting from Baker company's area for nearly 15 minutes, and you decide to go down and see how it goes with Steve. He must have had the same idea, because you see him heading up the draw towards you. There's nine dead Krauts in the field, and some blood-spattered trails leading back to the woods, showing where the ones had gone who'd gotten just a taste of it.

The two of you go back to the hole in the draw and find the 2nd john, 2nd lieutenant, waiting there with some boxes of K-rations and some nice words for you and Steve. He's downright friendly almost, just the way so many 2nd johns are once they get into combat. The three of you sit down. You sit cross-legged in the middle of the path at the bottom of the draw, gripping because you got a box of dinner rations, with cheese, instead of breakfast ration of canned eggs. Steve is leaning back on your right, propped up on his elbows, and looking sort of pleased with himself. The 2nd john is to your left, propped up and sprawled about.

The three of you are just starting to feel a little relaxed and glad for all the sudden quiet. Any guy who's ever been in combat will tell you how it is: when things get quiet enough for you to get your mind off of dying is when you're likely to get it.

That's how it is that morning. There's no telegraphing scream of an 88, no deadly spatter from a burp gun, no whistling swish of a mortar shell. There is just a blinding, purplish flash and what sounds like a soft little plop, and it feels like an iron fist has crashed into the side of your jaw. You're in an awful daze, but when you see the

sleeve of your jacket changing color to a plum-like red, you realize that there's blood spilling down from someplace. A searing ache on the right side of your jaw tells you where from.

Then you see the lieutenant. He is just sitting there, but with an awfully puzzled look on his face as he stares at a shell splinter sticking out both sides of his left forearm.

But what you remember most of all about the sad deal that morning is Steve, sort of half doubled up with both hands trying to hold back the blood that's cascading from a gaping hole just under his breastbone. You just sit there, stupefied and paralyzed, while Steve folds up and sort of eases over on his left side, gasping softly, just one plaintive time, "Mother of Jesus!"

That's the end of one book, and the beginning of another, for Steve, and the end of a chapter for you.

You finally do get to the hospital bed. You're sitting beside it several days later, your jaw in a cast, riffling through the assortment in the wallet that belonged to Steve, the guy who could say his beads in three languages. Among the papers you come across is one that was given Steve the day he left the State penitentiary at Jackson, Mich., just before he joined the army.

The people were skeptical, but the program is now beginning to produce



Land for Italy's Landless

By BARRETT MCGURN
Condensed from *The Sign**

SANTA SEVERINA, near the tip of Italy's toe, is the first town in which peasants have received farms in Italian government land reform. The Catholic-inspired Christian Democrats, who still control Italy's government, said they would divide the land held by the largest holders. Communists scoffed. Many Santa Severina people were skeptical. Now, however, 400 of Santa Severina's poorest families have new little farms. At least 5,000 other Italian families are expected to get new properties before the year's end. And another 10,000 will have them before 1953. Scores of thousands more eventually will obtain new farms, if De Gasperi is able to redistribute a total of 7,000 square miles. Scarcity of funds in a period of rearmament, opposition from ultraconservatives and wealthy, and sabotage by communists are hurdles.

My friend and I watched 400 families receive farms. They were the second group to get them since distribution began. These plots were in near-by Melissa and Torre

di Melissa. Antonio Segni, agricultural minister, presided over the property distribution.

The officials fished out the first name by chance from a box. "Enrico Braccianti," they called.

No one answered.

"Enrico Braccianti," the land distributors called again.

There was a quick stirring in the crowd. A youth shuffled forward. His head was down. He peered up uncertainly in a far from friendly manner.

He must have been one of Melissa's communists. To communists, Christian Democrat Segni was a deceiver. He was a man who wanted to claim Italy's poor by empty slogans or at best by half-measures. Communist propaganda had been so strong in Melissa that cabinet ministers like Segni were afraid to come into the town.

The distributors told Braccianti to dip his fist into a box. Braccianti pulled out a slip.

"In the Fondo section," someone read delightedly. "That's a good part."

"Reach in over here for a piece of pasture land," a land distributor told Braccianti. The youth's chance choice struck the crowd as another lucky one.

"Oh, you capitalist!" The crowd laughed.

Braccianti sidled back. His eyes still had a quizzical expression, but a grudging smile pulled up the corners of his mouth.

It may seem strange that anyone receiving land could be so cool to the minister known as the "father of the land reform." But communist propaganda has been bitter and intense. Santa Severina's people nicknamed their village "Santa Miserina." It never has had a telephone. One woman correspondent had to sleep on the floor when she wanted to spend the night in Santa Severina. Holes in the cliff serve near-by Melissa's farmers for stables. Men of standing walk the street in olive drab trousers of the U. S. army, pants patched clumsily at the knees.

Little girls all in rags cling to their mothers on the rare occasions when strangers come to town. The custom in some parts is to describe meals in terms of what there is to go with bread. It is said that sometimes the poorest can murmur merely, "I had bread and a knife to cut it with."

Pietro de Francesco was another who got land at Torre di Melissa. The organizers figured that he should get more than a share be-

cause of his especially deep poverty and large family. One full share of farmland at Torre de Melissa was five and a half acres. De Francesco has six children.

How satisfactory was the grant?

"It's fair," said de Francesco. "At least it's land. The soil is half thin. How much would we need? Well, at least one hectare for each of us. We got less than four hectares (10 acres)."

The reformers have made no claims that everyone got enough to support a family. They have said merely that by hiring himself out for work on land that the large owners have been permitted to keep, and by extra hours on his own possession, each peasant will get by better than he has before.

More than a century ago, a land reform failed. New owners found the problems of managing their own plots insuperable. The land was sold back to the baron. This time the organizers will stand beside the new owners for many months and perhaps years. They will advise on farming methods, the use of fertilizers, the better crops, and marketing possibilities. They will arrange for machinery to be used jointly by neighbors, and they will provide irrigation projects and necessary new roads and civic developments.

Shoemakers in one area have already felt the impact of more money in motion. Also, a company for the sale of fine wine is expected to

develop as one effect of the vineyards that new landowners in Melissa will be encouraged to establish. Melissa's soil is known to be good for wine grapes, but so few residents had land and the community was so badly disorganized, there had been no commercial exploitation.

Not all the people Minister Segni met were as withdrawn as Braccianti or as forlorn as de Francesco. The custom of this ancient land is to return a gift to those who present gifts. So, for the villagers of Torre di Melissa, a pretty, tan-skinned girl handed the minister a bouquet. Lack of an aqueduct is one of Torre di Melissa's greatest problems. There is scant water for flowers. The flowers the child handed up were incredibly wilted.

The old man bent to kiss the child. He took the flowers, turned them meditatively, bent to sniff whatever perfume might have lingered, and then picked through for a blossom for his lapel. He

Punch in ECA

"Operation Bambi," an ECA project, consists of 26 mobile busses equipped with collapsible puppet theaters, movie projectors and documentary films, cut-out games, floodlights and loud-speaking equipment. The busses travel in Italy from hill town to hill town, in areas not easily accessible to radios and newspapers. A two-hour movie and puppet program shows how Americans and Italians are working together to rebuild Italy's industry and economy and to strengthen democratic institutions against totalitarianism.

This project was started as a result of a survey. It showed that many people in outlying areas of Italy not only did not understand the Marshall plan, but in many cases had never heard of it. They knew, however, about communism and Stalin. Since 14% of these Italians are illiterate, it was necessary to find a medium of education besides the usual newspapers, pamphlets and posters. The puppet show starring Bambi, an American boy puppet, was the answer.

If proof is needed of the effectiveness of "Operation Bambi," one need only read the bitter attacks upon it in the communist press. Curiously enough, though many of the villages visited are 100% communist, there has never been any disturbance.

Walter Lucas in the *Christian Science Monitor*,
(7 Aug. '51).

handed the rest on to his assistants. The crowd seemed satisfied. In the front row, the father of another child grinned.

Who is winning the battle in Santa Severina? You may hear that the Communist party at nearby Isola Capo Rizzuto is down from

800 members to 16. We asked one young man about 32 last-ditch communists of his village who had attended a rival leftist propaganda meeting at the moment Minister Segni was giving out the land. (There was no danger these communist demonstrators would forfeit their new land grants. They would merely get the lots others failed to draw. The chance of a good plot was just as good.)

"Those people will feel a bit ashamed about their demonstration when they think it over tonight," the youth predicted. "Tomorrow they will even begin to feel sure they were wrong in having it. A few days more and they may feel that perhaps after all they have been a little responsible themselves for some of our troubles."

Perhaps our truest perspective came on the outskirts of Santa Severina. We spoke there to men from San Mauro. They were landscaping a long-neglected hillside, converting it into small olive and orange groves for future peasant owners. Communist critics had said that similar steep rough patches of ground were so poor they were not worth accepting. With American

money, however, the Segni land reformers were showing that marvels can be done when land receives attentive care.

I asked how much the workers were getting and what they thought of the land development. The cash payment was 95¢ a day plus a bonus for every kilometer (slightly more than half a mile) the worker had to walk to work.

What did they make of it?

"We of San Mauro have only a third of the work we want," said one.

"Yes, but this is only the overflow of Santa Severina's project," a land reformer interjected. "Your main part is still coming. And how much have you worked since January? Nearly every day? Well, there you are."

Even at 95¢ a day plus a few pennies, the men crave more work opportunity. U. S. aid, plus further reforms the De Gasperi government is preparing, are expected to finance additional jobs. Continued U. S. interest in Italian industrialization and emigration, together with the cooperation San Mauro men are anxious to give at the job, may yet win the battle of Santa Severina.

The End of an Argument

A STREET preacher in England, Father Hugh Pope, attended the reception ceremony of novices at a Dominican priory. One novice looked familiar. Father asked where he could have met him. "Oh, I used to heckle speakers at the Marble Arch in London," said the novice.

Information.

Cortisone for All

is the object of the researches of Dr. Lewis H. Sarett, who was the first to synthesize the wonder drug in the laboratory

By LAURA VITRAY

Condensed from *United Nations World**



LEWIS H. SARETT WON the 1951 Leo Hendrik Baekeland award of the American Chemical society. It was for the laboratory synthesis of cortisone, the drug whose medical magic has not yet been fully explored. Medical men are still investigating its uses. Botanical expeditions are out searching for new raw materials for its production at lowered cost. Meanwhile, as far as the limited supply makes possible, cortisone distribution is being widened to include more and more countries besides the U.S.

After periods of cortisone treatment varying from a few days to a few weeks, deformed and crippled victims of rheumatoid arthritis straighten up, get up and, in some cases, have been known to dance the rumba. In the U.S. alone, a million children who face heart damage and possible death from rheumatic fever now look forward to happy lives. Cortisone is effective against inflammatory eye diseases that cause blindness, against

skin diseases, leukemia, allergies like asthma and hay fever, even in combating alcoholism, because of the sense of "lift" and well-being it confers.

To nature, cortisone is nothing new. Nature makes the hormone in a little gland factory in mammals, known as the adrenal cortex. But she kept the formula and the production "know-how" to herself. And whenever her product was in short supply, the victim suffered a variety of ills.

Wresting the cortisone secret from her, and then making it to the formula, was a tough struggle. Moreover, it had its wartime urgency. Medical opinion was that the adrenal cortical hormones would combat shock and battle fatigue. There were rumors that Hitler's scientists were buying up the adrenal glands of cattle from the Argentine slaughter houses, and administering their extract to *Luftwaffe* pilots. The story ran that the product enabled them to fly and fight at altitudes of 40,000 feet. Cortisone, many believed, could

turn an ordinary man into a "super-man."

While all this was false, it disturbed those responsible for U. S. national security. On Dec. 20, 1941, the National Research council called an official conference in Washington.

A few months later, Dr. Sarett joined the Merck staff, after three years of graduate study at Princeton.

"When I went to Princeton, I had a choice of working on either molecular arrangements or on steroids. I chose steroids because they were the newest field, about which the least was known," Sarett told me.

"What is a steroid?"

He smiled. "It's one of nature's most complicated molecules. The steroid molecule has a four-ring pattern of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen atoms. There may be differences in their number and arrangement, but always there are those four rings."

"Is cortisone a steroid?"

"Yes. When we consider its physiological activity, we call it a hormone. But when we think of the pattern of the atoms in its molecule, we classify it as a steroid."

"It has that four-ring-circus pattern."

"That's right."

"Are all hormones steroids?"

"Oh, no."

"And are all steroids found in the human body?"

"No, indeed. There are many

steroids, and they are widely distributed in nature, in both plants and animals. But wherever they are found, they are usually quite spectacular. The poisonous secretion of toads contains steroids. Chinese for thousands of years extracted it and dried it into a powder used by witch doctors. In Africa there is a large family of plants known as *Strophanthus*. From it, natives extract a steroid they use as 'ordeal' poison. They give it to an accused person. If he dies, he's guilty. If he lives, he's innocent."

Dr. Philip S. Hench of Mayo made the inspired guess that of those cortical steroids, the one science had named Compound E, or "cortisone," would turn out to be the wonder worker. It was the one the researchers were struggling to produce synthetically. But how to pick up atoms in the laboratory and set them down again in that particular complicated arrangement and spacing? Nobody knew — nor yet does.

But if starting from scratch was too hard, there was another way that appeared at least slightly more feasible. It was to take a steroid that had a pattern close to that of cortisone, and revamp it slightly. That meant careful juggling of its atoms, until its molecules emerged in the correct form. The great scientists were playing this game when Sarett joined their ranks.

"How do you play a game like that?" I asked Dr. Sarett.

"Very much like one of those labyrinth puzzles," he explained. "The first step is to think out your moves in advance. You write down a flow sheet of the reactions you intend to follow. That's a step-by-step diagram story of the chemical reactions from your starting material to a final result. You know the structure of the final result, but the in-between steps are the unknowns, the puzzle. You theorize about what they are and how they will work.

"Next, you try them in the lab. When you come to a point where your reactions don't work right, you go back to your desk and change your reaction scheme around and try a new way through the maze. The more steps, the more chances for error. Even if your theorizing is right, the experimental conditions may be wrong. Sometimes you have to be wrong dozens of times before you find the right way through."

When Sarett got into the cortisone research program, a group of great American researchers—the Committee of 14—was meeting once a month to pool their experience in the search for an answer to the hormone riddle. After each meeting they would start fresh, with the benefit of the latest findings of each to help them.

The 2nd World War crisis came and went—with no wonder drug. No German supermen either. But the scientists continued their search for a way to build a synthetic corti-

Hair-Raising Tale

According to William L. Laurence, science editor of the *New York Times*, cortisone has restored the original dark color to the gray hair of a 74-year-old man.

The man was given penicillin in a minor operation. He got a skin disease. All his hair fell out. Then he was given cortisone. Not only was the skin disease relieved, but also the patient's hair began to grow again. Within a few weeks, he had a complete head of hair. And the hair, beard, and mustache of the patient were no longer gray. They had the original color of 20 years earlier.

sone molecule.

Then one day, in his laboratory in a beautiful research building at Merck, young Dr. Sarett hit on the lucky pattern. Out of his ox-bile steroid he produced 15 milligrams of cortisone. This tiny speck was the first cortisone ever made beyond nature.

The synthesis was announced in 1946. It took a long time for the victory to be hailed as one of the great achievements of our century. First, a team of chemical production experts had to study Sarett's synthesis. A more efficient process was developed by Dr. Jacob van de Kamp of Merck, Dr. Kendall of

Mayo, Dr. Sarett and their associates,—a process more adaptable to factory production. Next, the slim output of synthetic cortisone was allotted to top men in the medical research field in the U. S. and abroad. Their experiments would show whether the new compound was valuable in healing.

Dr. Hench's guess turned out to be correct. At times, in his clinical work, he had seen all the crippling symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis vanish in a woman who became pregnant or in a patient stricken with jaundice. With a physician's clairvoyance he had attributed the phenomenon to an increased output of cortisone in the body. Synthetic cortisone had the same dramatic effect on badly crippled sufferers. Swollen joints grew normal, bent backs straightened as if by the waving of a wand. And the new drug demonstrated there was much other magic in its repertoire.

Yet clinical successes are secondary to the role cortisone is playing in teaching researchers more about the underlying causes of disease. It has opened the door to a new era in the science of medicine.

The big new problem is to produce synthetic cortisone more abundantly. Millions of sufferers today clamor for its relief. Merck asked no exclusive rights to the drug, and a number of firms have plans to turn it out in quantity. But the ox-bile steroid is a limited and relatively costly source. The race is on

in many lands for a basic raw material which can replace it or add to it.

"The tropical plants of Mexico and other Latin-American countries are high on the preferred list of natural steroids," Dr. Sarett told me. "But then," he added, "it may be that one of the 33 varieties of the African *Strophanthus* will give results more readily. Or the steroids contained in the soybean may turn out to be a good source."

It's easy to guess the amount of laboratory effort all this implies. For every new steroid substance that comes up for experiment requires the same amount of labor as was expended on the ox bile. The problem is the same. Juggle the atoms in its four-ring molecule until they are rearranged in the pattern of cortisone. Meanwhile, the nation or region that is lucky in this new phase of the search for a raw material may have a better treasure than Belgium's uranium.

"Will cortisone ever become as cheap as penicillin is now?" I asked.

"No—or at least I doubt it. You see, with penicillin, science has harnessed armies of microorganisms to do the work. With cortisone, we have to do the job ourselves!"

Every day Merck scientists begin anew the effort to synthesize cortisone from one of the vegetable steroids sent in by the botanical expeditions in the field. The success that brought Sarett fame by no means insures that he will be successful a

second time. Many other noted researchers are at work. Recently professors at Harvard synthesized a steroid very close to cortisone out of orthotoluidine, a coaltar product in abundant supply. Merck researchers

have also published a method for converting four abundant natural substances, including soy beans and Mexican yams, into another steroid which may eventually lead to a new large-scale production.

Henry Wallace States the Facts

The article *Wallace in Sovietland* in the July CATHOLIC DIGEST, p. 46, implied that the slave-labor camps should have been recognized as such by the American party that visited it. This note from Mr. Wallace explains why it was not.—Ed.

"There was not the slightest evidence of a slave-labor camp at Magadan when I was there in May of 1944. Elinor Lipper is very careful to avoid saying that I saw or could have seen any evidence of a slave-labor camp. I am sure that the editors of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST could not have seen any evidence of a slave-labor camp if they had been in our party.

"I went to Magadan on my way to China in 1944 because John Hazard, liaison officer of the Division of Soviet Supply in Lend Lease, wanted to see how it was being handled. Hazard spoke Russian, and we went together to the warehouses and docks to see how the material was being handled. Undoubtedly the Russians went all out to make a favorable impression on the Vice President of the nation which had supplied them with so many billions of dollars of vital goods in their hour of greatest need.

"Owen Lattimore was not a member of my personal staff. He was selected and sent with us by Elmer Davis to represent the Office of War Information.

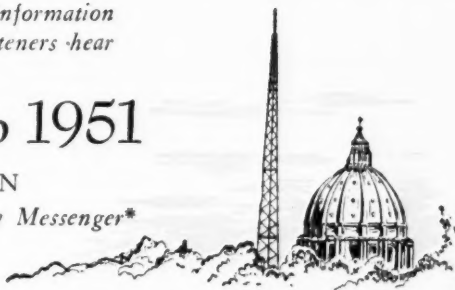
"In those days, Roosevelt, not knowing whether the atom bomb would go off and not knowing whether the second front in France would be a success, was gravely concerned as to what would happen to our long-time, over-all strategy if Russo-Jap hostilities broke out before Germany was defeated. My purpose in visiting China via Soviet Asia in 1944 was to win the war against Germany and Japan and not to engage in espionage nor investigate slave-labor camps. It was not until long afterward that testimony began to pile up from those who had formerly been in these camps. It now seems to be clear that the Soviets treat political prisoners in a severer way than the czarist regime."

*No disk jockeys, but solid information
in 26 languages is what listeners hear*

Vatican Radio 1951

By JOHN ADRIAN

Condensed from *St. Anthony Messenger**



UNUSUAL is the word to describe Vatican Radio. The station has not broadcast a single soap opera, give-away program, or breakfast club in 20 years of operation. No disk jockey has ever jabbered in its studios; the very thought of a comedian is enough to cause the staff to reach for the Code of Canon Law.

The Pope takes his daily walk in the gardens of the Vatican beneath the tall masts of the station. That gives a modern touch to the Pontiff. This is offset in that the station itself is built around an old defense tower with ten centuries of history behind it.

Steady listening to it would cause a U. S. program director to call for his aspirin and his Nielsen rating. He would in the course of a week hear the languages of 25 different countries from Arabic to White Russian, plus one that isn't spoken anywhere: Latin. Moreover, he would have to keep one hand on the tuning dial, because Vatican Radio skips over seven frequencies to beam its programs to all parts of the world.

The studio engineers at Vatican Radio work amidst happy Italian confusion. At present the station is undergoing a program of expansion that has electricians laying cables and plasterers constructing walls while technicians dub in sound backgrounds and monitor programs.

There are other odd little items—the baffling conglomeration of equipment, for example. The old Marconi transmitter teams up with a German Telefunken; the studios are equipped to a large extent with shiny American recorders and mixing controls; the television is French, and a new short-wave station is being built by Philips, a Dutch company.

Vatican Radio puts out a solid fare of religious features, nonsensational news bulletins, and papal pronouncements. It holds this to be self-evident—that it has no business just entertaining people, and has not the slightest intention of doing so. The only question on Vatican hill is whether the modest little station is going to be able to expand quickly enough to fill its

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. August, 1951.

growing responsibilities towards its audience.

No invention ever fitted more neatly than radio into the Church's plan of operation. From the time of her foundation her mission has been to be the living voice of authority. "Faith comes by hearing," said St. Paul, and the more people who can hear at one time, the better. Radio placed in the hands of the Vicar of Christ a power of preaching as world-wide as his own authority.

The primary purpose of Vatican Radio is to be the Voice of the Pope. Consequently, Vatican Radio is prepared to broadcast whenever and wherever he wants. Usually, microphones are set up in his apartments for the more formal radio speeches; but there is also provision for broadcasting from any of the halls of Vatican City or St. Peter's basilica. Many pilgrims will remember how well they could hear the Pope as he said Mass in St. Peter's; Vatican Radio's microphones on the altar picked up his voice with dramatic clearness.

The present Pontiff has often used Vatican Radio's facilities. Encyclicals, Christmas messages, informal talks for children, the definition of the dogma of the Assumption, prayers for peace are some of the uses he has had for his station. His most typical pose during the Holy Year was before a microphone.

During the war, Vatican Radio

rendered an immense service to the whole world by broadcasting information on the whereabouts of prisoners of war; many Americans received news of their relatives and friends in this way. Even now this service is continued in a German-language broadcast.

It is almost impossible to judge how many people listen at any time to Vatican Radio. Some programs command world-wide attention and are heard by millions. Papal broadcasts over Vatican Radio are often rebroadcast by major national networks around the world. Response from the prisoner-of-war reports indicated that the programs were eagerly followed by a large audience.

Listeners the Vatican can always count on are those behind the Iron Curtain. Broadcasts over Vatican Radio have been introduced as evidence in espionage "trials" in communist dominated countries.

Vatican Radio is short wave, and the American radio listener has long ago consigned that to the limbo of aircraft signals, amateur stations and emergency communications. He has settled into a groove of television, FM, and clear-channel stations.

But in Europe, television and FM are still in their infancy. Short-wave service is much better than comparable U. S. broadcasting. Also, short wave has the attraction of long-distance reception.

Here the complications set in. A

clear-channel station in the U.S. can send out a news broadcast to a good part of the country by using just one announcer and one transmitter. But with short wave, a station which gets through clearly one day may sound like Mars calling Earth the next. Hence, most programs are sent out on several waves at once. That means several transmitters. Also a variety of antennas is required to compensate for the day-to-day changes in broadcasting conditions.

But neither will one announcer suffice to broadcast a news program to Europe; for example, Italian-language programs are notably ineffective in Poland or Hungary. Consequently, several announcers must be broadcasting simultaneously. This demands a multiplicity of studios and control rooms. In effect, an international radio station is several complete stations operating simultaneously.

All of this demands an immense amount of equipment and a lot of technical know-how. The Voice of America, which faces the same difficulties, has a complicated and expensive plant. It goes along only because we annually toss \$50 million or more into its lap.

There seems to be a rather comforting myth current that the Pope has one of the best radio stations in the world. As a matter of fact, the papal station on Vatican Hill is a rather modest setup. Its total investment is probably less than that

of most clear-channel outlets in the U. S. For example, when the staff at Vatican Radio really let themselves go and dream of the ideal plant, their imaginations hover around the \$6-million altitude. Church finances being what they are, they naturally intend to settle for less; much less. Here is the way they check off the assets and minimum requirements.

First of all, there is the staff—the technicians, program directors, and announcers. This is where Vatican Radio shines. Launched by Marconi some 20 years ago, the Vatican has always been strong on technical improvements. Today the Vatican has the only television station operating in Italy, even though there are only a handful of sets in Rome. There are two mobile units mounted in buses that would be the pride of any U. S. station. The Holy Year crowds who heard the Vatican installations for public address in St. Peter's and the piazza outside can testify as to the excellence of that department. And, providing the announcers who can speak the bewildering variety of languages is probably easier for the Vatican than for any place else in the world.

The studios are small, but as soon as the present expansion is completed, they will be quite adequate. There will be up-to-the-minute facilities for recording or broadcasting 12 programs at once. Several large studios are being provided for musical programs (rather a rarity

on Vatican air now). Extensions into the Holy Father's study, St. Peter's basilica and almost anywhere else in Vatican City are modern and satisfactory.

So far, so good; the rub comes in getting programs on the air. First of all, there are the transmitters. The main battery has consisted for a long time now of the old 1931 Marconi and the later Telefunken. The Marconi puts out only 25,000 watts. Clear-channel stations in the U. S. have double this power. Recently, three 5,000-watt transmitters were installed; these are destined for radiotelegraphic service, but are being made to double for broadcasting.

A bright spot in the picture is the quarter-million-dollar Philips 100,000-watt transmitter being manufactured in Holland. It is a gift of Dutch Catholics. This will not be ready for some time, but when it is installed it will give the Vatican a voice of power.

What is needed immediately is: another short-wave transmitter of 100,000 watts, capable of being operated on occasion as two stations of half that power; a smaller short-

wave station to double for both radiotelegraphy and program broadcasting; a third 100,000-watt medium-wave transmitter.

Vatican Radio has been in a favorable position up to now because it got into the business very early. It holds down a number of good wave lengths. But its present plant is inadequate to utilize those frequencies.

Consequently, Vatican Radio is faced with the prospect of surrendering the principal rights to its traditional wave lengths and being reduced to a limited and meager service, insufficiently protected by agreements and deprived of regular service and world-wide coverage.

So the choice is: either the Vatican has its proposed plant in operation by 1952 at the latest, or it may as well go out of business.

The Vatican's choice has already been made; it will expand. The difficulty is, of course, that the Pope does not have a couple of million spare dollars on hand to throw into the expansion. The present burst of activity on Vatican Hill is based on nothing more financially sound than a hope and a prayer.

The psychiatrist commented, "Men will no longer have to confess their sins to you, Father, for they are being psychoanalyzed by me."

"That is possible, Monsieur," replied the priest. "But you still cannot pardon them."

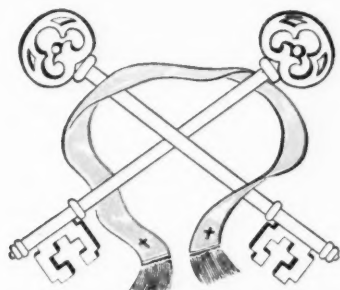
La Gazette des Lettres, Paris, as translated by Quote.

Persons who hate themselves often hate their neighbors as themselves

The Feeling of Guilt

By CARYLL HOUSELANDER

Condensed from a book*



THE GUILT FEELING is inconsistent. People who lead blameless lives are often overwhelmed by a sense of guilt; some who lead guilty lives are devoid of it. Sometimes guilty people are even elated by the thought of the evil they have done. And the pious person, with a mania for self-perfection, who proclaims herself the "worst sinner in the world," is a common type.

Among people generally considered to be normal there are peculiarities.

You would expect a reasonable person to feel more guilty after repeating a sin some hundreds of times than after the first time. But of most people the opposite is true. The more guilty we are, the less guilty we feel.

A really clever thief more often considers himself to be a successful man than a dishonest one. In sins of sensuality particularly, repetition leads to a delusion of supe-

riority. When conscience has been blunted and the feeling of release (both physical and psychological) which frequently accompanies such sin has swamped reason, the sinner feels himself to be above the mass of men. The criminal lunatic, the pietist, and the debauchee are brothers and sisters under the skin. Each of them says, with perhaps a slight difference in accent, "Thank God, I am not as other men."

People suffering from religious scruples present further discrepancies in guilt feeling. Persons obsessed by anxiety about involuntary suggestions of impurity are often completely oblivious to their sins of habitual selfishness, mental cruelty, betrayal of confidences, and lack of any charity. Once again, our pietist leads straight back to the criminal lunatic. He is like a maniac who has just clubbed someone to death, but is embarrassed only because he has disarranged his own clothing in the process.

*Guilt. Copyright, 1951, by Sheed & Ward, Inc., 830 Broadway, New York City 3. 279 pp., \$3.75.

In real neurosis, the guilt feeling is revealed by contradictory symptoms. Only a few can be listed here. They include self-starvation and excessive overeating. Shoplifting. Petty crime. Pathological scrupulosity. Obsessions about being fat, or exhausted. Compulsions to apologize continually, or to continual hand washing. Puritanism, exhibitionism, personal dirtiness, excessive personal cleanliness. Masochism, aggression, sadism, self-pity. Crippling indecision, delusions of persecution. A mania for being flattered, which is often found in company with constant disparagement of others. A mania for being loved, often present in someone without any capacity for loving. A mania for eroticism, a mania for prurient talk, often found together with sexual impotence. Hypochondria, melancholy, dysomania, amnesia, religious manias, and a host of other disorders, ranging from blushing to nervous paralysis.

When anger enters into the guilt feeling, it is nearly always complicated by a puritanical attitude to pleasure, and it takes terrible, sometimes diabolical, forms. One projects the evil in oneself onto some other person. There are people who will not admit the existence of evil in themselves and will not countenance the possibility of frailty. They hate all that is young and provocative, with a hatred which is immeasurably more evil than the frailty that provokes it. It is not the

frailty in others that raises such a demon; it is the festering, repudiated evil *self*.

There is hardly an evil force more terrible than this projected self-hatred. It is not for nothing we are told to love our neighbor as ourself. We must tremble lest refusing to come to terms with all that is self we hate our neighbor as ourself.

Self-pity often accompanies guilt projection. The "pious" person, poisoned by hate, is easily able to believe that it is she who is the victim of hatred. Mild people with persecution manias are usually great haters. This, however, is a secret, even from themselves. A classic of projection and self-pity is Hitler visiting a village where one of his cruelest purges had been carried out. He wept bitterly, saying, "How wicked these people must be, to have made me do this!"

There is also such a thing as an artificial guilt feeling, a synthetic conscience which comes from outside and is imposed by other people. In Victorian society, we can discover many such taboos. A governess of the period, for example, would not have dared to face her God, let alone her employer, in a "nonsense" hat. But the employer was able to regard her own possessions, estates, antimacassers and furbelows as signs of God's particular favor.

It would, however, be an injus-

tice to compare the Victorians unfavorably with ourselves. Selfishness and fear are just as able to produce false consciences as ever they were; today, it is not for having a hat that a young woman is made to feel guilty, but for having a family. In England, where I live, there are millions of young men and women who have been made to feel that prevention of the birth of children is a right and proper thing, and that to give them life is a sin against society. Certain primitive tribes compelled the aged to climb a high tree, and swing from the topmost branches, so that, if they lacked the strength to cling thus literally to life, they should die. In both cases, denial of life is the basic idea, and in both cases it is accepted as the right thing to do.

A curious example of guilt feeling, which is at once imposed and repressed, is that suggested by the attitude of the average Englishman to Roman Catholicism. He prides himself, this Englishman, on being broad-minded, a respecter of every man's conscience or lack of conscience. If one of his friends chooses to become a Quaker, a Plymouth Brother, a Baptist, an Anglo-Catholic, or even a Mormon, he would consider it no business of his. But let one become a Roman Catholic!—all toleration is thrown away. He reacts like a man who is painfully aware of a hereditary tendency to drunkenness. He dreads it because he knows that it is in his blood.

Yet for that very reason he can hardly resist it. So it is with the Englishman's fear of Catholicism. Good or bad, Catholicism is in his ancestry. Few, if any, Englishmen are not descended from apostates. Catholicism, even in the blood, is stronger and more ineradicable than drink. Apostates, if they were to endure living with themselves, had to justify their infidelity. Therefore they built up a sinister picture of Catholicism, which has been handed down the years. They set up a conflict between the attraction and the bogey lurking just below the surface of memory.

There are many curious delusions brought about by the sense of guilt. A popular delusion is that time wipes out sin, probably because the sense of guilt grows duller with the passing of time. The guilt feeling is like a chronic ache, such as rheumatism, which we can undoubtedly get used to, and actually feel less when we have borne it longer. Moreover, chronic aches and a chronic sense of guilt both respond to drugs.

Perhaps the most curious of all the manifestations of the guilt feeling is to be found in the saints. While criminals are often free from it, the saints never are. They, too, like the overscrupulous pietist, frequently declare themselves to be the greatest of all sinners, but there is an enormous difference: the pietist says it to get rid of his own mental suffering, but the saint says

it as an offer to suffer for the sins of the world. St. Teresa of Avila, with her tremendous "To suffer or die," spoke for all the saints.

After viewing the inconsistencies of the feeling of guilt, we can hardly wonder that many persons think that guilt itself is not a reality at all. And it does seem at first sight that a feeling so divorced from reason and common sense cannot have its origin in reality. If we can be made uneasy equally by what is bad, indifferent or positively good; if the feeling of guilt is apparently as little within our control as a rise of temperature; if moreover it can be imposed upon us from outside—how can it possibly be due to a reality?

Actually, the unreality surrounding the *feeling* of guilt points straight to the reality of guilt. There must be a reason why nearly everyone has feelings of guilt. There must be a reason why those who do not feel guilty at all are usually the most corrupt, and why the feeling of guilt can be so easily imposed on the innocent. There must be something within us all which responds immediately to the suggestion of guilt. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that guilt is a reality. We feel guilty because we are guilty; the feeling, however, has been misplaced. It has been dislocated from its true cause, and is seeking some cause to which to attach itself.

Many people do not believe the story of Adam and Eve and the first sin. But the human beings in it are true to the psychological pattern that is recognizable in every kind of person today.

The curious thing is that they were not afraid of God because they had disobeyed him, but because they knew that something had gone wrong with their human nature as a result. They could no longer endure self-knowledge in God's presence. They tried to hide from themselves and from one another. They found the truth about themselves confusing enough in their own company; in the presence of God they found it intolerable. Adam did not answer the voice of God calling to him in the cool of the day by saying, "I was afraid because I had disobeyed you," but, "I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid because I was naked, and I hid myself."

This desire to escape from self-knowledge is, like the desire to escape from suffering, a symptom of self-love. Twisted as he is, man cannot love himself as he really is. Bad though he is, he cannot love himself in his badness. He must blind himself to it and try to love the false self of his imagination.

Relief from feelings of guilt is most often sought in self-accusation and confession—either of real or imagined guilt. Nevertheless, outside of sacramental confession, confessing does not bring lasting re-

lief. In fact, confession and self-accusation, used to escape from the suffering of the feeling of guilt, disintegrate and destroy personality. When it is habitual, as with those who confess all their moral lapses to their friends, it has the effect of weakening the will more and more, until ultimately the whole character crumbles.

Yet confession itself is something that is vital to man's happiness. It is an essential part of the supreme remedy for real guilt which has been given to man by God: the sacrament of Penance, the sacrament which is nearly always spoken of simply as confession.

Outside the Catholic Church there are few people who do not cherish wholly mistaken ideas about what sacramental confession is. Many think that it is a substitute for psychoanalysis. They think Catholics use it to rid themselves of the *feeling* of guilt. But the sacrament of Penance has a purpose wholly different from that of psychiatry and one which far transcends it. It is one, too, which can never fail unless the penitent himself frustrates it by sacrilege.

It is not limited to a certain kind of person, but is for every one. It does not depend on the personality or the skill of the priest. It fulfills its purpose whether he is a man of the deepest understanding of human nature or none at all.

The purpose of sacramental confession is atonement—at-one-ment

—with God. What happens in confession is that man, who has separated himself from God, becomes one with Him again.

The sacrament is not intended to be, and is not, a form of healing for mental or nervous disorder, though incidentally it may sometimes have that effect. Its primary effect is to remove the guilt that has come between God and man, and to make them one.

There is a growing tendency among wishful thinkers to doubt man's free will. It is argued that, even if a man is not a monkey or a "libido," he has many unfathomable elements in his nature which are outside the control of his will. He has an "unconscious" as well as a conscious mind. He is subject to vast invisible influences. He is a slave to heredity, and environment, and so on. Catholics do not consciously doubt that they possess free will. Nevertheless there are some who, without putting this into words, secretly doubt their own individual free will. They have made and broken too many resolutions. They have been to confession hundreds of times and they have not changed at all. They have very little hope they ever will.

But repentance and the sacrament of Penance are still the remedy for guilt. In this remedy is contained the whole psychological process by which fallen man can be restored to God and live in the fullness of his nature as God intended.

In contrition he admits himself a sinner. In the examination of conscience he knows himself in God's light. In his purpose of amendment he surrenders himself to God and discovers the power of his own will.

But in absolution more than all

that is achieved. In that stuffy, dark little box we call the confessional, every one of the ceaseless drift of human beings of every kind and description who kneel uncomfortably, listening to the whispered words of absolution, is made one with God.

This Struck Me

THE completely logical mind of Hilaire Belloc, always shunning complexity, read clearly the signs of the times more than two decades ago and dutifully set down* what he saw as a warning to his fellow men. Belloc has lived to see the portentous words that he wrote in the 20's being forged into fact in the 50's. During his writing career, his greatest ability, truly, was his "instinct for the jugular."

Conflict between the Catholic Church and the other forces of the modern world is imminent. Whether we have heard the first clash or not is debatable. Whether a recognized and violent open battle will be waged a short time hence or not till after a lifetime or more, no one can tell. But it is coming. That which is not Catholic in the modern world is not only tending towards, it is racing towards, a new set of laws, a new condition of the civic mind which is incompatible with Catholicism. There cannot but be an atmosphere created in which, in the long run, either Catholicism will not be able to live, or its opponents will not be able to live.

We may be upon the edge of new laws which will enforce a declaration from parents to promote the sterilization of the unfit. We may live to see new laws enforcing one system of general education to the exclusion of dogmatic teaching in schools under public authority, to which the mass of people are forced to send their children.

But particular instances give no idea of the magnitude of the quarrel. A whole social tissue is being built up as an organism about us, and the more coherent it becomes, the more its new personality is emphasized, the more violent and emphatic is its necessary quarrel with that opposing institution whereby alone, as I conceive, can man fulfill his being, or even achieve such poor happiness as freedom and responsibility breed in this brief preparatory life between birth and death.

*Living Philosophies, Simon and Shuster, New York City, 1930, \$2.50.

[For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. It will be impossible to return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.—Ed.]

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen

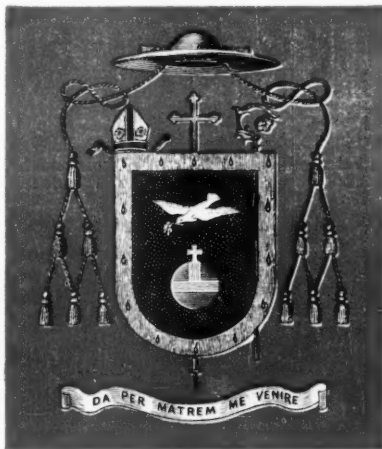
By GRETTA PALMER

*He made converts by hundreds; now he helps others make them by thousands.
Staying in his office, he will "go and teach all nations"*

WHEN the best-known monsignor in the world was raised to the episcopacy last June, Fulton J. Sheen had to his credit 36 published books on religion. He had been the fabulously successful radio orator of NBC's Catholic Hour for 19 years. He was traditionally the preacher of the Lenten sermons in New York's St. Patrick's cathedral, and his Good Friday *Tre Ore* literally stopped traffic on 5th Ave. when the loud-speakers were turned on. He delivered an annual average of 36 other sermons in New York, Washington, and Baltimore. He

taught a graduate course in the philosophy of religion at the Catholic University of America. He gave several hundred lectures every

year, never refusing an invitation to speak if it were physically possible to accept, on his theory of "freely receive, then freely give."



The bishop's coat of arms (like that of the Holy Father) shows a dove, for "Sheen" means peace in Gaelic, as "Pacelli" means peace in Italian. The shield represents war, a translation of "Fulton," hinting at our Lord's saying, "I bring not peace, but a sword." The drops of blood about the border are from the coat of arms of Francis Cardinal Spellman, to whom the new bishop is auxiliary.

But Monsignor Sheen's greatest sermons were, for many years, delivered to congregations of one. His hardest - working hours, and his happiest, were devoted to bringing converts to the faith. The number whom he has baptized is, literally, known only to God: he himself has never kept track of them, for "I do not make converts," he says; "grace makes converts, and it would be blasphemy to take credit for the work that God has done. Further-

more, if I kept a record of the number, I might begin to believe that I *had* made them. Then I should lose all my influence over souls."

His numerous converts have included notable names: Heywood Broun and Jo Mielziner, Madame Wellington Koo and Louis Budenz, former Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce and former communist Elizabeth Bentley, Fritz Kriesler and Henry Ford II. But there have been thousands of obscure converts, too: the English actress who toppled, half drunk, into his church one winter morning and who, three years later, became a contemplative nun; the Frenchwoman on the verge of suicide, whom he saved, and turned into a daily communicant; the Jewish girl, cast off by her family for embracing Christianity, whom he established in a beauty shop; the bigoted anti-Catholic who approached him to abuse him, and who ended as a zealous lay apostle of the faith. For, "My business," the new bishop says, "is souls."

Businessmen, like the kings of the parable, are given larger responsibilities as a reward for ruling small kingdoms well. When Monsignor Sheen was appointed national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith last fall, many of his friends objected strenuously. "It is a waste," they said, "to turn our best preacher and most persuasive apologist into an executive, running an office and soliciting funds." The monsignor himself took a different view. "The only change," he said, "is that my work in the propagation of the

faith now will be spelled with capital letters."

Not yet a bishop (that was not to come for another seven months), Monsignor Sheen took over the Propagation offices at 109 E. 38th St., New York City, succeeding Bishop Thomas J. McDonnell, who had been in charge for 27 years. The new director focused his attention, from the start, on the end product of his work in the foreign field. He discovered that the 97,258 Catholic missionaries who receive alms from the Propagation of the Faith in Rome must look largely to America for funds to carry on.

What was their work? Not building hospitals nor schools nor even churches, nor social service nor education nor medical care. Their essential job was bringing the faith to the billion pagans who, even now, 2,000 years after our Lord said, "Go and teach all nations," had never heard word of the risen Christ. To lighten the missionaries' tasks, to become their spokesman and their beggar in rich America, became the monsignor's new and happy role.

But there was a certain irony in the appointment: Monsignor Sheen has long been the despair of his friends in his indifference to money, in his refusal to accept alms for the worthiest Catholic cause from any of his converts. Few priests since St. Francis of Assisi have so light-heartedly left the problem of finance to God. There have been

many times, in past years, when the monsignor did not have the cash to pay his grocery bills; the fairly large sums he has made from lecturing and writing have been dispatched to this Catholic charity or that before they could be toted up by any bank. Last October, however, he became a forthright beggar overnight; the Church had imposed a mendicant's work on him, and he set about it with a single heart.

Since he took over the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the national director has begun a revolutionary streamlining of Catholic money-raising methods. Always receptive to the new, where it can be sanctified, he cast about the secular publishing field to discover which of its trends might be suited to his needs. He found that very small, pocket-sized publications are beginning to catch on. Very well. He immediately scrapped the old-fashioned rotogravure, *Catholic Missions*, and inaugurated a saucy, red-and-black-covered publication, *Mission*, which is filled with lively captions, last-minute mission news, and pithy bits of spiritual wisdom. He baptized a new quarterly, *Worldmission*, a scholarly magazine with a format resembling that of the *Yale Review*. As an added prick to the conscience of U.S. Catholics, whose mission contributions, before his day, stood at the shockingly low figure of 8¢ a year, he began to write a weekly

syndicated newspaper column, *God Love You*, compounded of brief items of foreign news, interlarded with humor and ten-word *servos*.

The money began to pour in, not only to the national office in New York, but to the 100-odd diocesan offices, in each of which a priest represents the missions to local Catholics. Many members of the Church had never before understood the desperate needs their money gifts would alleviate. Now they were being told. For \$75, a girl in Japan could be saved from being sold as a cabaret slave. A colony of lepers in west China used dried leaves to cover their sores, for lack of bandages. A whole village of Hindus pleaded for the faith, but could not become Catholics because their bishop lacked \$35 a month for a catechist to instruct them. A priest in Burma was living on roots torn from the earth because he could not bear to eat rice while his people starved. For the first time, many Catholics became aware of what their alms could do to spare some other human being pain and distress; they sent their money to 38th St., often at the cost of near necessities, to help the missionaries who serve as God's pioneers, penetrating the darkness of the pagan world.

But money was not all that was needed. Prayers could help the hard-pressed missionaries even more. Monsignor Sheen had been in of-

fice for a scant eight weeks when he designed and began to press upon the public his Worldmission rosary, in which each decade is made up of different colored beads, symbolic of one of the five continents for whose conversion we are asked to pray. When they were mentioned on the Catholic Hour and in the monsignor's writings, demand for the rosaries almost overwhelmed the Propagation offices: \$2 offerings poured in at such a rate that more than 100,000 of them have now been distributed. Those who pray the Worldmission rosary every day are now, he feels, the aides and valued assistants of the bishop: it is their prayers which move the hearts of other Catholics to send a golden tide of money to New York, to be passed on from there to the Holy Father at Rome and, from him, to all the far-flung missions of the world.

Rome itself sent for Monsignor Sheen last spring to attend the annual meeting of national directors of the *Propaganda*. A few days before his departure from New York, he received word of a second reason for traveling to the Holy See: he was to be elevated to a bishopric. (Characteristically, he opened the letter from the apostolic delegate

which contained the news, saw at a glance what it contained, laid it aside, and went on with the dictation of routine letters for two hours before reading it, in order not to betray its contents to his secretaries.)

Monsignor Sheen left America in May. He traveled first to Germany, where, at the request of the U. S. Department of Defence, he addressed American occupation troops in Berlin, Munich and other centers. His talent for gaining rapid friendships was again displayed: when word of his coming consecration was released to the press, 19 U.S. chaplains in Germany obtained the needed time and the loan of a bomber to fly to Rome. Later, the Catholic population of Berlin honored the bishop by the gift of a handsome pectoral cross.

In Rome, early in June, other friends of the bishop-to-be began to gather from around the world to share his happiness. Bishop T. J. Toolen, an old friend, made the long trip from Mobile, Ala., to Italy. Other priests flew over from Washington and New York. His nephew, a student at Louvain university, was there, along with lay guests from France and the U.S. It was a great event, even to jaded



The new coat of arms of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, designed by Jo Mielziner, one of the bishop's converts, shows the cross embracing the world. The map is drawn with its axis on Rome and the Holy See.

Romans, for it was the first consecration at Rome in a century of an American priest who had not lived, or been a seminarian, in that city.

The day selected for the consecration was June 11, feast of St. Barnabas, who is numbered among the Apostles because of his strong influence in persuading St. Paul to seek converts among the Gentiles. It was thus a most appropriate day for Fulton Sheen to receive the fullness of his office. The church selected, SS. John and Paul, is the titular church, now, of Francis Cardinal Spellman, and was formerly that of the Holy Father when he was a cardinal. The consecrating cardinal, Adeodate Piazza, head of the Sacred Consistory, introduced Bishop Sheen into the direct line of consecration stemming from Pope Pius X, whose beatification he had attended earlier in the week. The church of SS. John and Paul happens to be dedicated to the first two martyrs to the faith ever publicly venerated in Rome, and is thus a fitting spot for the new age of martyrdom.

The church is supervised by the Passionist Order, at whose motherhouse the bishop made the long retreat before his consecration, which occurred on the anniversary of the recently canonized St. Vincent Strombi, a Passionist bishop persecuted in the Napoleonic age.

These happy coincidences marked a day on which the world, as well as the Church, paid honor to the

new bishop. Celebrities who filled the flower-banked pews had among them members of the diplomatic corps, including the American ambassador to Italy; representatives of all the Religious Orders with houses in Rome; heads of the Knights of Malta and of the Order of the Holy Sepulcher; cardinals and titled laity representing the various departments of the Holy See. But the aisles were crowded and the back pews filled with nuns, seminarians, obscure parish priests and unknown members of the native clergy flanked by Italian and American laymen from every walk of life.

Bishop Sheen did three characteristic things immediately after becoming a bishop. He hurried away from his own party to a private audience with the Holy Father, who presented him with a deeply treasured pectoral cross. He flew, almost at once, to Lourdes for his 23rd visit to the Grotto, the spot on earth which is probably closest to his heart. And he returned to America on an unscheduled plane in order to escape publicity.

Back in his New York offices, the bishop has made few changes in his life as a result of the new honor. He rises at six each morning and, as always since his seminary days, makes a holy hour after Mass, so that he does not appear at his desk before nine o'clock. Throughout the day he greets the steady stream of foreign missionaries who

call with news of their needs and work. ("We have," he has said, "almost 100,000 reporters scattered about the world. In this office we learn more of the truth of foreign affairs than any chancellery. But I will never permit an iota of this knowledge to be put to political or nationalistic use. It is our work to spread the faith; all our extraneous knowledge belongs to God, not to ourselves, nor even to our countries' capitals.")

The offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith at 109 E. 38th St. in New York City have nothing stodgy about them unless you look only at the name. There is a "Curtain going up!" atmosphere of suspense in every department at the beginning of every day. Stenographers point proudly to the towering piles of mail they have to answer, and often volunteer to stay three hours overtime to handle it. File clerks and executives alike take it as a personal triumph when a particularly large sum in contributions has been received. Their love of the missions and devotion to serving them are not allowed to flag: every day Bishop Sheen drops into every department on a "Thank you" tour. He tells his assistants that they are doing as much to help the missions by their work as if they were themselves spreading the faith in Uganda. "The Little Flower," he says, "was never herself a foreign missionary: but because she loved the missions so well and

served them so steadfastly at home, she is the missions' official patron saint today." Such remarks are not bad for morale.

The offices are a confused hive; several buildings have been thrown together by means of steep, winding wooden staircases at the rear. The reception room is far too small for the assorted dignitaries, of every race, color, and ecclesiastical rank, who crowd it every day. Visiting priests and Sisters are, however, made to feel immediately at home; everyone in the office is a Catholic and, in most cases, a product of Catholic schools. The office boys are most likely to be pre-seminarians. They and many of the women on the staff attend daily Mass before reporting on the job. The bishop's personal chapel, on an upper floor, is always left open, so that any employee who wishes to may visit the Blessed Sacrament. Many do.

The bishop is the despair of his office staff, who would like to protect him from too many callers; but where the foreign Religious are concerned, he is never too busy to welcome them. His correspondence alone would make a full-time job for many businessmen: since he took over, incoming mail has increased to the amazing volume of 4,000 a day. In the season of his radio talks, mail from the public now, as always, runs to 25,000 letters a week. In addition to handling his oceanic correspondence, Bishop

Sheen continues to write a fluent flow of books, articles, and sermons. (His most recent book, *Three to Get Married*, is on the best-seller lists.) He has cut down his lecture appointments, and now refuses nine-tenths of the invitations to speak; but in cases where a talk will patently help the missions, he still hops a plane to appear before another of many thousands of Catholic audiences about the country.

The bishop has no social life. He shares his meals with the two priests who live with him. He eats in a hasty 20 minutes. He tries to save the fresh morning hours for creative work, to see callers in the afternoons, and to set aside the evening for reading and research, but the system frequently breaks down. Persons with individual spiritual problems continue to seek his advice; lapsed Catholics turn up with the unanswerable plea that they will go to confession to him, but to no other priest; would-be converts demand instruction, and refuse to take a substitute. For these last, the bishop has had to prepare wire recordings of his instructions: at least a dozen persons every week hear them played.

Psychiatrists would shudder at a regimen in which work fills every hour of every day that is not set aside for spiritual exercises: but the bishop is quite deliberate in planning it that way. The Holy Father, last June, urged him to stay on in

Rome for a few weeks' holiday. His answer was, "I thought you had me consecrated to work."

In this case, at least, work and no play has not had the dulling effect the proverb proclaims. The bishop's devotees include the most conversationally critical circles in the world. Ex-King Leopold of Belgium and his bride are dear friends, who were only prevented from attending the consecration by a cabinet crisis. Otto of Hapsburg and his family know the bishop well. He has married members of all the outstanding Catholic families in America. But it is not among these that he snatches his rare moments of relaxation: it is among the priests who have been his associates and friends for many years. "It is a pity," he sometimes tells members of the laity, "that you can't hide in the woodwork when a group of priests get together for the evening. You would hear the gayest, best talk possible in the modern world."

Bishop Sheen has been engaged in recent months in completing still another book, on his favorite subject, the Mother of God. (He was delighted by the little girl who had heard Fulton J. Lewis announced on the radio and asked "Is that the Fulton who's the blessed Mother's friend?") The bishop will be back, after Christmas, with another radio or television program with a supernatural theme. He will carry out whatever tasks are assigned him in his secondary job

as an auxiliary bishop to Cardinal Spellman. He will fill six men's jobs and, somehow, thrive on them without becoming rattled or over-tense.

The bishop is well aware of the fact that his largest work today is one whose results he can never, himself, appraise or see. In far-off, lonely outposts of the faith, priests and nuns and Brothers will take the alms he sends them from America and will reap a harvest of souls whose reckoning he will never know. For that is the true significance of the change that has come to Father Fulton J. Sheen in mid-career.

Firmly convinced that the present world crisis involves a shift of gravity from west to east, he is privileged to shape his life to share in the historic change. And, after decades of convert work for which he refused to claim a share of credit, he is now rewarded by a worldful of converts to be made, of whose numbers and identities he will be ignorant, whose very Baptisms he cannot attend. For, "God plants the seed," he has always said. "Priests only hoe the ground and make the growth of faith a

Have You Noticed the Cover of this Magazine?

BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN appears on our cover in his Episcopal vestments in the first full color photograph of him that has been published since his consecration in Rome last June.

A full-colored reproduction, on stiff portrait paper, will be sent to friends of the Bishop and of the missions. It is 8 x 10 inches and you will want to frame it.

The CATHOLIC DIGEST, eager to help the Holy Father's Missions in this day of famine in India and persecution in China, will forward this portrait to you prepaid, if you enclose a dollar bill with your name and address and mail to

The CATHOLIC DIGEST,
Box 1270
Grand Central Station,
New York 17, N. Y.

little easier." This priestly gardening goes on, and is the bishop's life and joy. But from now on, he will rarely see the flowers.

Dialogue overheard at a reception where a number of Frenchmen were welcoming an old friend from Poland:

Host: And how are things going in Poland?

Guest, shrugging: Oh, nobody can complain.

Host: What do you mean? That isn't what we hear.

Guest: I repeat—nobody can complain.

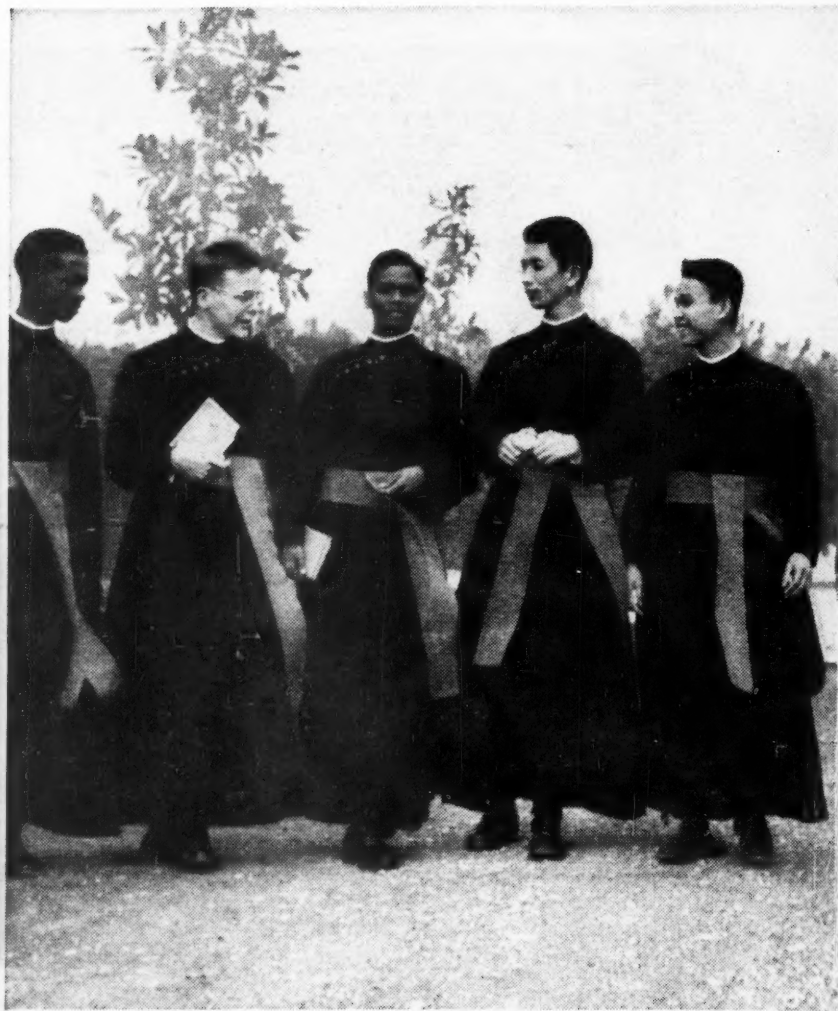
New York Times Magazine (26 Aug. '51).

MEN AND WOMEN AT WORK

A TOTAL of 97,258 missionaries, priests, Sisters, Brothers, work in areas where the Church receives support from the Holy Father's World Mission Aid Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Every continent has missionaries. Even in Europe, there are frontier countries of the Church. Such are Albania, Denmark, and Sweden. In this hemisphere, Alaska and parts of many South American countries have missions. There are in the world, 600 mission territories, each at least as large as New York state.

Missionaries perform many varied tasks in addition to their primary work of spreading the faith and making converts. The Church is, by all odds, the largest humanitarian organization in the world. Its missionaries conduct 3,132 dispensaries, caring for 34 million patients a year—95% of whom are not Catholics. They run 44,000 mission schools. They have built 1,115 hospitals with 65,000 beds, and 174 leprosaria. They run 1,720 orphanages and they care for more than 13,000 of the aged homeless.

Missionaries have as their main purpose the goal of working themselves out of a job. They want the Church to grow, as it has always grown, by native vocations: when local priests and bishops can take over the missionary's work, he cheerfully moves on to another area where the good news of the Gospel is still news, after 2,000 years. He is not likely, in the next few centuries, to run out of outposts or of Catholic frontier lands in which to work.



Rome Trains Everybody's Priests

At the Propaganda de Fide in Rome, seminarians from each of the five mission continents study together. The common language is Latin, even at recreation. Expenses are paid by the faithful.



Members of the native-clergy-in-becoming are a familiar sight on the streets of Rome. They wear pink sashes over their black cassocks, and never appear in public after nine p.m. Bishops of Asia and Africa have begun their ecclesiastical careers here, in the same ascetic dormitories where earlier priests-in-the-making studied 1,000 years ago.



**Seal of Holy Father's
World Mission Aid
Society. The design is
by Jo Mielziner.
The seal shows Rome
as the axis of the
world.**



Even in America

Snow-babies in Alaska are the business of the missionary. Northern America is still a mission country. Starvation pursues children like these in the cruel winter months.



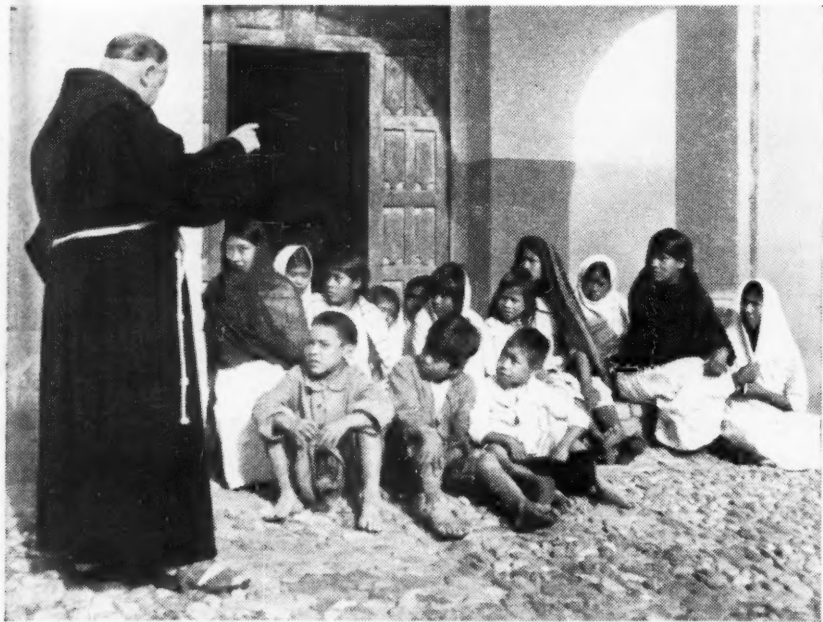
Ever see a llama? In Peru, these beasts serve as carriers, substitute for steaks and give wool for the clothing of the natives.

Under this tropical shed, the natives pray as they face the cross. Catholic for many centuries, Latin-American countries suffer desperately from lack of priests today.





When there are no white faces seen in Latin-American situations like this, then you know that the faith has finally come into its own.



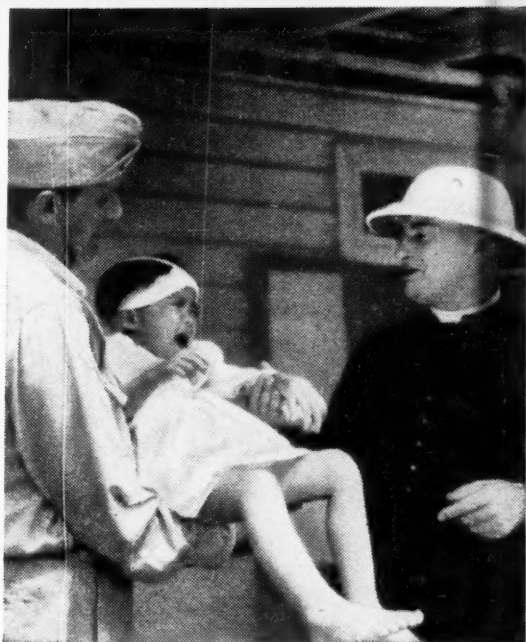
"Who made you?" asks a priest in front of a Bolivian church. The answer is the same as at St. Patrick's in New York: "God made me."



Filipino grade-school graduates wear no caps and gowns, but they know that the learning given them by the missionaries will change their future lives for the better.

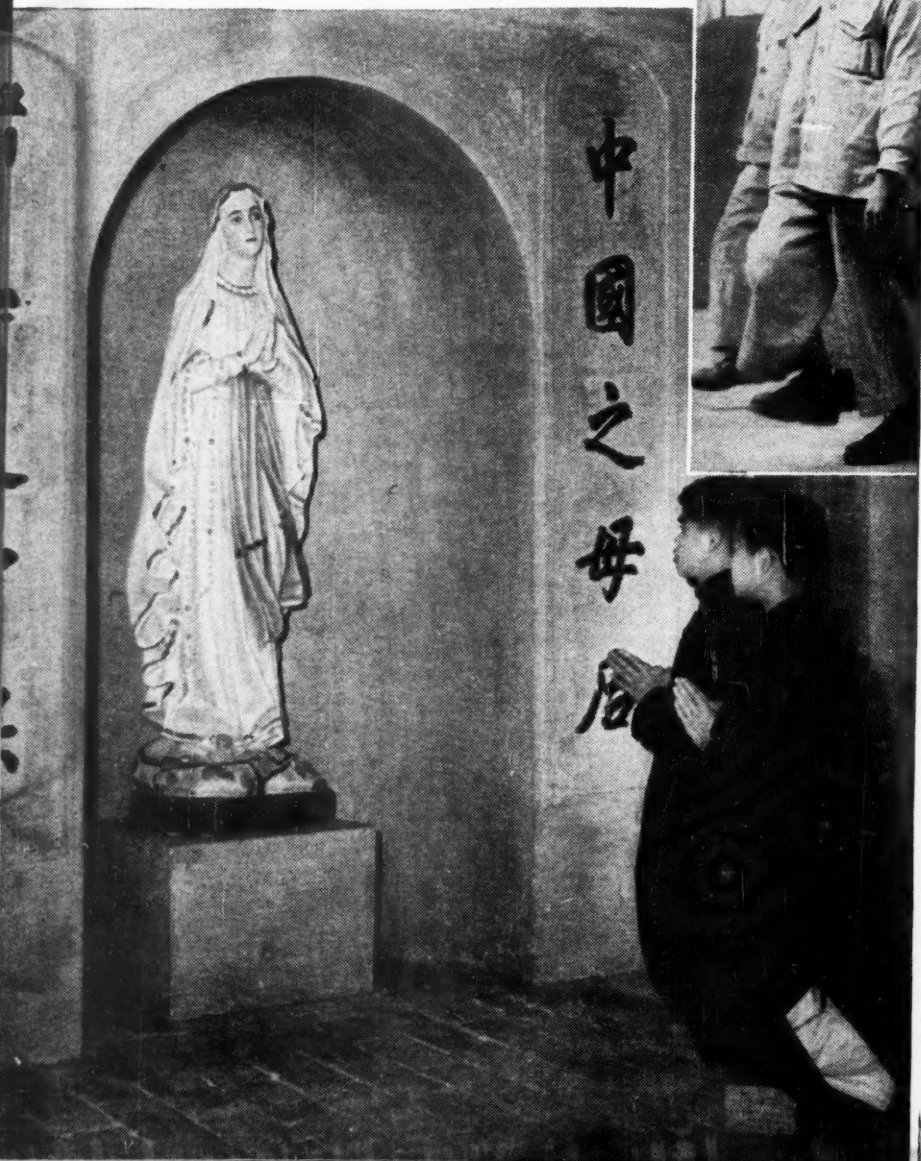
The Far East

Many war orphans of the Pacific campaign would have died abandoned if it had not been for Catholic missionaries, ever alert for those in need of help.



China

Seminarians in China today are not allowed to bow before the blessed Mother in public reverence. Below are two seminarians of yesteryear, before the communists took over China.





Forced marches in communist China nowadays include Catholic children too little to have heard of Marx. These Wuchow boys are innocently honoring the Red flag.

Nuns dare not wear their habits in Korea under Red control. The group below gets military guidance on how they may most rapidly return to Catholic children who need their care in the midst of war.



The poor Indian Catholic boys who long to become priests far outnumber the benefactors from the outside who offer \$150 a year for their tuition.

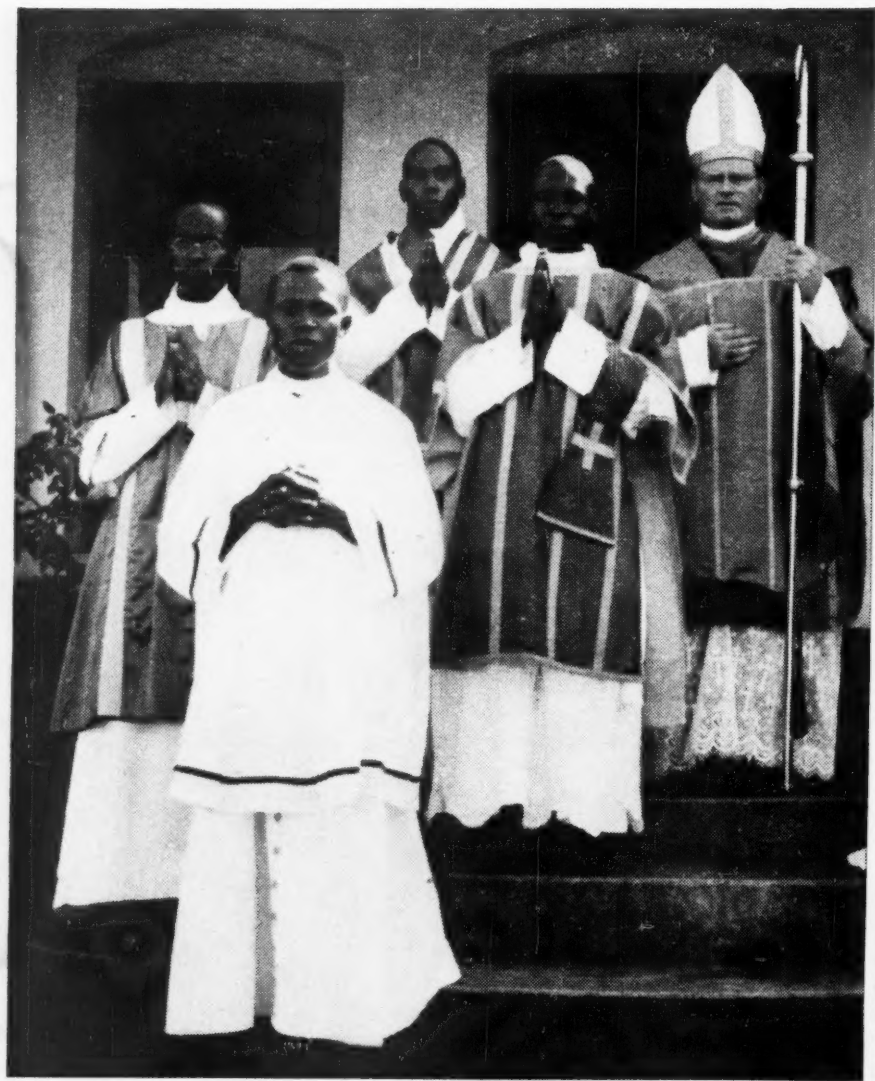
Some lepers in South China cannot even enjoy a smoke unless a kindly priest replaces their injured fingers with his whole hands to give them a light.



Asia



Some of India, though far away, is still close to Rome. A picture of the Holy Father is carried on the head of an elephant in a South India celebration of a Holy Day.



Africa

In the Congo, ordinations of native priests have something of the thrill that Catholics knew in the first century. They mark the growth of the mystical Body to still another land, claiming it for Christ.



In darkest Africa the boys who study for the priesthood do not play golf or tennis as a relief from St. Thomas and St. Augustine. They dig a ditch that will carry water to the primitive dormitory where they live.



When the age of reason approaches, there is no getting out of it. All of us, in Africa or in America, have to learn our religion aided by the catechism of the Church.



Both were slandered, tried, and stoned

Stephen and Stepinac

By HELEN WALKER HOMAN

Condensed from a book*

DEAR ST. STEPHEN, I address this letter to you, because you have been in my thoughts constantly for the past ten years or more. I have been thinking of you since the Second Age of Martyrdom came upon this earth. For, to your everlasting glory, it was you who inaugurated the First Age of Martyrdom—and between the two, despite all the centuries in between, there is a startling similarity.

Your martyrdom, St. Stephen, came on that long-ago day when they dragged you, a youthful disciple, from your trial before the Sanhedrin, outside the city gates of Jerusalem. There they killed you with stones—even as they would kill a snake.

From the time I was young, martyrs have absorbed me. Gradually I learned they did not all belong to ancient times. There was Mexico, where holy men and women died gloriously, under the decrees of a neo-communism, for their faith. Then there was Spain, where they did likewise under a more positive communism, stemming directly from Moscow. Latterly, there was

Germany, where they died for both race and religion under the god of state. And now, there are Russia and all Soviet-dominated areas of Europe and Asia where they have died by the millions because they believed in God.

I'm sure all the martyrs have thought of you when their hour of trial has come. It is remarkable that the pattern of persecution has changed so slightly. Two thousand years are as but a day. So much of what happened to you then, has been repeated within our time.

How your story comes to life today! It's a wonderful story. As I was reading it again the other night, somehow it suggested the figure of Archbishop Stepinac. What has befallen him in the 20th century befell you in the 1st century. Would you agree, St. Stephen, that there is even a close personal parallel between you—that you have many characteristics in common? Even your names are alike—Stephen and Stepinac. Is it possible that his draws its origin from yours?

They have not yet taken his life. He is in some strange, far prison,

*Letters to the Martyrs. Copyright, 1951, by the author. Reprinted with permission of David McKay Co., Inc., New York City. 233 pp. \$3.

we are told, in Yugoslavia. He is condemned to 16 years of imprisonment. About five of those years have already passed, and now he is 53. He will be 64 when he completes his sentence, if he lives that long. But it will be a further five years before he can regain his civic and political rights. Then he will be 69.

And though up to the present he cannot be termed a martyr in the glorious sense that you are, so many of his experiences parallel your own that I feel sure he must have pondered much upon your life, and from it drawn inspiration.

You were preaching the doctrine of Christ, and the rulers did not like it, even as they don't like it today. In modern Yugoslavia, it was Archbishop Stepinac's pastoral letters which got them down. In these he affirmed the rights of the individual before God and the equality of races. He stated his belief in conversions through faith and not through fear. He put God above state. This is the Gospel which the Son of God came upon earth to teach. It has not changed in 2,000 years. Nor has the pattern of the persecution changed. The persecutors are still after the same thing: the destruction of the principles of Christ.

Only five years ago poor Archbishop Stepinac was accused by Tito of plotting against the state. Actually his "offense" was insistence upon the principles of Christi-

anity. You were accused of blasphemy against Moses and against God. Even as with Stepinac, in your case also "they stirred up the people . . . and running together they took him, and brought him to the council." That "stirring up of the people" today is called propaganda, but its technique is the same.

You began your great defense not as defense but as a blistering accusation. Orators down the centuries have taken it as a model of argument and eloquence. First you gave a scholarly survey of Israel's history. You showed that its religious forms had been subject to change; that therefore there was no blasphemy in claiming that yet another change had come with the Messiah. Then you dealt with the experiences of Moses. You showed how the children of Israel had brought suffering upon themselves through disregard of his teaching. Had they truly kept the law, now they would be compelled to believe in Jesus whose Gospel you proclaimed.

How those important judges of the Sanhedrin must have writhed, when you cried to them, "You stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, you always resist the Holy Ghost. As your fathers did, so do you also! Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? And they have slain them who foretold of the coming of the Just One; of whom you have

been now the betrayers and murderers!"

There was nothing faltering about your manner. Nor does the quaint language of the Acts leave anything to be imagined of the horrible scene which followed: "Now hearing these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed with their teeth at him."

It was evidence of the Master's love that you did not even see them. For instantly you looked upward, and there saw, in vision, the Messiah you had loved and served so loyally. "Behold," you cried joyously, "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God."

That was the last straw. "And they, crying out with a loud voice, stopped their ears, and with one accord ran violently upon him. And casting him forth without the city, they stoned him."

Somewhere it is related that they thrust upon you "a stone as much as two men could carry." Yet in spite of this, and while they were at their unholy work, you continued to invoke the Name which only further increased their fury. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" Thus, to the last, you gave your testimony—that testimony which is the sign of the martyr.

"And falling on his knees, he cried with a loud voice, saying: 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.'" You would follow the Master's example to the very end.

Had He not said, as He hung upon the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"?

Is it remarkable then, that I have thought the martyrs of our own day have pondered upon your life, St. Stephen? Or that Archbishop Stepinac must frequently turn to you for encouragement in his long imprisonment; in prayers for his country which he deeply loves? Will you not help him, St. Stephen?

Though still little more than a child, he was a soldier in the Hungarian army in the 1st World War. He fought on the Italian front, where he was taken prisoner. Eventually he was in the Serbian army, fighting against the Germans. He emerged a second lieutenant, and won a rare and highly coveted military decoration. As with you, St. Stephen, courage was his outstanding characteristic.

When hostilities ceased, he completed his classical studies. He entered the College of Economics at Zagreb, to study scientific agriculture. Then suddenly in 1924, that inner, soundless Voice called again—and for him there was no longer any alternative. For the Master's sake, and for his country, he must prepare well, he told himself. So it was through seven long years that he became one of the most brilliant students in Rome. I'm sure that even as a student, he thought much of you, and your days of study at the feet of the gentle Gamaliel.

He was ordained in Rome, on the feast of Christ the King, Oct. 26, 1930. He received the degrees of doctor of philosophy and doctor of theology. He was 32, but with that sort of premature age which marks those who have lived at the very heart of the tragedy of war.

Like you also, his first thought when studies were completed was of the poor. Laboring in tenements and ruins, up and down the poor streets of his beloved Zagreb, into squalor and into filth, into sick-rooms and deathrooms, he brought the message of the Master. There was so much to be done! The days and nights were not long enough. He must feed the hungry poor, even as you had fed them long, long ago.

To start the flow of charity where it was most needed, he established that famous organization which he called Caritas. (Could love be known by any word more beautiful?) It is extraordinary that in but four years, the fame of his work had spread even to Rome. It was Pope Pius XI who made him Titular Archbishop of Nicopsis, in 1934. At that time he was the youngest archbishop in all the world. When you, too, were very young, there had been that "laying on of hands."

Scarcely three years later, in 1937, this son of peasants was named Archbishop of Zagreb. Throughout the terrible war years that followed, when Hitler's armies occupied Yu-

goslavia, he consistently defied the nazis by denouncing the persecution of the Jews. Refugees fled to him. He dispensed his own money lavishly, here helping one to go East, there, West, paying for the travel and subsistence, risking his own neck. It is related that he even helped communists fleeing Germany. Protestant, Catholic, or Jew, it was all one to the archbishop. They were his brothers, and in need. There is a lovely story of a group of elderly Jews to whom he extended shelter. When, at length, these poor people were offered egress to a safer land, they refused to go. They would rather, they said, stay near the archbishop.

His voice rang out constantly from the grand old cathedral, and the Gestapo dared not silence him. He was constantly demanding humane treatment of prisoners. His words were loud and long against the extermination of Jews, their mass deportation to concentration camps.

So it was that like you he began to be very unpopular with the authorities. But he kept flinging his denunciations in their teeth, once even walking into the office of the quisling Pavelitch, and addressing him with a single sentence, "It is God's command: Thou shalt not kill!" He turned about and left the startled Pavelitch as abruptly as he had come.

There were only three occasions of nazi violence which Stepinac did

not protest: when his own estate was plundered; when his parents' home was destroyed; and when his brother was arrested, accused of communism, and executed by the Germans on Nov. 23, 1943.

But this greatest persecution was to come with the advent of the communists and Tito. He had boldly declared, "Believe me, I know communism. It is a satanic totalitarianism of terror, much more relentless in the pursuit of its aims than fascism ever was." His pastoral letter in March, 1945, charged the communists bluntly with having exterminated with fire and sword, "priests and the more eminent of the faithful. Perpetually shall the blood of these heroic martyrs cry out in accusations against those who grasp murder as a means of power."

I am sure you, too, have thought of these martyrs, dear St. Stephen. On one occasion, the archbishop spoke of 243 who had been killed, and 169 who were in prison, saying, "The tribunals pronounced these death sentences after summary trial. The accused often did not know with what they were charged until the actual trial. Frequently they were denied any defense, and not permitted to call witnesses nor to have legal assistance."

Again he declared, "Death sentences were inflicted for political opinions. The number of priests put to death is greater than that of the victims of any massacre known

in Balkan history for centuries."

But his gravest anxiety was for the children. "In the schools, atheism is being openly taught and religion mocked. The symbol of our redemption, the crucifix, has been banned." Land mines were planted near a shrine; at least one child was blown to bits. "Savage outrages have been committed against the dead. The bodies of some of the priests murdered by the communists were hacked to pieces and thrown into the sea. Every one of the archbishops and bishops in Yugoslavia has been arrested and held in prison."

In the words of Archbishop Stepinac himself the Second Age of Martyrs has come upon earth, St. Stephen. The result in poor Yugoslavia alone was shown in the statistics for the years 1939 and 1946. In 1939, there were more than 1900 Catholic priests in the country; in 1946, scarcely 450. Three hundred and sixty-nine priests had been killed; 175 imprisoned; 409 exiled; 562 were missing.

Catholic nuns also suffered, but the most appalling statistics covered the Catholic laity. In Croatia alone, it was estimated that 400,000 had died, and more than 100,000 had been imprisoned during these years.

It was late in 1945 that Tito started on the archbishop in earnest, carefully building up his propaganda the while. First he ordered his arrest and imprisonment for 17 days, on the charge of being an enemy of the state. When released,

Stepinac was kept for months a virtual prisoner in his residence. Finally, on Sept. 18, 1946, ten days after his courageous pastoral letter on Christian education of youth and the basic rights of religious freedom, he was again arrested and charged with "crimes against the people." The charges sought to link him with the leaders of the independence movement in Yugoslavia.

The archbishop had but six days to prepare his defense; the communists had been preparing their case for nearly a year. From his arrest to his conviction on Oct. 11, 1946, he was allowed to see his counsel once, and then for but an hour.

The trial would strike one as ludicrous by Western standards.

But it was during the course of that trial, in the "People's Court of Croatia," that mockery of justice, that Archbishop Stepinac showed his greatest similarity to you. When finally permitted to answer his accusers, he delivered an address which was a devastating indictment of the court. Verbally he tore them limb from limb.

With defiance he told them, "For the 'crimes' (I am accused of) I would go to the other world with my soul at peace. The accused archbishop of Zagreb knows not only how to suffer but also how to die for his convictions.

"Again I declare: Between 260 and 270 priests have been killed by the National Liberation front. There exists no civilized country in

the world where so many priests would have been put to death for such 'crimes' as you have brought up against them. The Rev. Father Povolnjak was killed like a dog in the street, without any trial at all."

He reviled them for confiscation of Church schools, for looting the seminaries, for destroying the Catholic press, for liquidating the orphanages and homes for the poor; for limiting religious instruction, for introducing civil marriage, for seizure of lands.

"The sad thing is this," he said. "Not a single bishop, not a single priest in this country knows in the morning if he will be alive that evening; nor knows at night if he will see the light of dawn."

Of the torments inflicted upon a certain bishop, he declared, "I myself experienced the same in Zapresitch when I was attacked with stones and revolvers." Stones. When they came raining down upon him, he must also have thought of you, St. Stephen, and prayed.

His conclusion was as though you had inspired it. "In the classrooms it is officially taught—in defiance of all historical proofs—that Jesus Christ never existed. Know you then: Jesus Christ is God! And for Him we are ready to die!" Again, the testimony of the true martyr, the same as you uttered yourself as they beat you down with stones.

"As to myself," he finally declared, "I seek no mercy!"

It was not his fault that they did not kill him then and there. Their fury was as great as that of your own judges of the Sanhedrin when they "gnashed with their teeth." But they dared not. For while the trial was still in progress, a highly placed communist had declared, "We cannot shoot him, as we should like to do, because he is an archbishop. But he will go to

prison."

So the sentence was 16 years of forced labor. Wherever he is, dear St. Stephen, I hope you will comfort him; for Archbishop Stepinac of Zagreb is one of the greatest in this Second Age of Martyrs, an inspired example to Christians everywhere, a light to those who love democracy.

The Open Door

We were in Los Angeles, looking for a suit for my son. I was wearing a pair of sapphire earrings. I noticed the suit salesman looking at them. Finally he said, "Your earrings are sapphires, are they not? Let me show you some lovely ones." He took from his pocket a white tissue-paper package, opened it, and displayed a cross of fine gold filigree set in sapphires. It was exquisite. "Collecting crosses," he said, "is my hobby. I have more than 300. The antique dealers and second-hand men, who know me, always let me know when a cross of any interest is brought to them. On my free days I spend my time arranging my collection. I have them all cataloged.

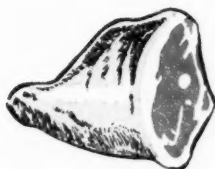
"I started my collection when my sister's friend died and left a beautiful crucifix to my sister. My sister gave it to me. That was the beginning. Every spare penny since has been put

away to buy crosses. I don't buy just crucifixes, but any cross that is lovely and has a history. One day I bought a cross with a picture of a saint on one side. I can't catalog this, I thought, until I find out something about the saint. I went to the library and got a book that gave the life of the saint. It interested me greatly. Then one day I found a rosary with an unusual crucifix. I knew that Catholics had their rosaries blessed, and I wondered if this were blessed. The next morning I passed a Catholic Church. I walked up the steps of the rectory and asked a young priest if he would bless my rosary. He invited me in, and I watched him closely. We talked, became friends. One day I asked about instructions. It was on my 63rd birthday that I received my first Holy Communion."

Blanche Granger.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

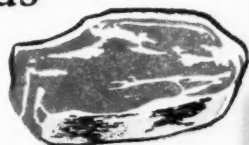
You can save money, but you must use the proper methods



How to Freeze Your Foods

By SLEETER BULL

Condensed from a book*



KNOW how to use your home freezer properly. Seven to eight million families in the U.S. have storage facilities for frozen foods. If proper precautions are taken, frozen meat is just as palatable and more tender than fresh meat.

High-quality meat, fresh or frozen, comes only from high-quality livestock. An old cow will not provide high-grade meat, either fresh or frozen. As soon as the carcass is thoroughly chilled, it should be cut, wrapped, and frozen. Aging or ripening meat for the freezer has been overemphasized. It stimulates the development of rancidity of the fat and, unless the carcass is very fat, develops off-flavors in the lean.

Beef and lamb are the most satisfactory meats for freezing. They retain their fresh flavor six months to a year if properly wrapped and frozen. Pork, however, even when properly wrapped and frozen, will not keep its flavor in the freezer nearly so long as beef or lamb. Fresh pork becomes rancid within

three or four months. Since salt stimulates rancidity, cured and salted pork loses its flavor in the freezer much more rapidly than fresh pork. This is especially true of sliced bacon and sausage. Sausage which is to be frozen should not be salted. The salt may be added during cooking or at the table. Pepper or spices should be added before freezing as they retard rancidity.

Meat cuts such as shanks, plates, necks, and spareribs, which contain a large amount of bone, should be boned and rolled or used for hamburger or sausage. Freezer storage is too expensive for so much bone. Cuts, such as porterhouse steaks, chuck roasts and pork chops, which contain bones with sharp edges, should be trimmed. Then the sharp bones will not poke holes in the wrapper and permit the entrance of air and loss of moisture from the meat.

Great care must be taken in wrapping meat. Ordinary waxed locker paper will not give best re-

*Meat for the Table. Copyright, 1951, by the McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., New York City.

sults. Since it cannot be molded to many cuts of meat to eliminate air spaces and is not moistureproof, the meat develops freezer burn, rancidity, and off-flavors. Aluminum foil or vapor-resistant cellophane with an overwrap of locker paper is excellent. The cellophane may be sealed by running an electric iron, turned to "low" or "silk," over the flap.

Homemakers frequently ask, "Shall I rent a locker or buy a home freezer?" A locker is more economical, and the locker operator assumes the responsibility for the food. On the other hand, it is more convenient to have the frozen food supply in the kitchen or basement than to make frequent trips to the locker plant. The problem is solved if you have a small home freezer, as some locker customers do, or a large compartment for frozen foods in the home refrigerator.

Another common question is, "How large a freezer should I buy?" The answer depends upon the size of the family and the use of the freezer.

The question is often asked, "Is it safe to refreeze meat after it has thawed?" The answer depends upon how long it has been thawed and the temperature to which it has been exposed. If it has been thawed for only a few hours and has been in the refrigerator during that time, it is safe to refreeze it. On the other hand, if it has stood at room temperature overnight, it

is not safe, as bacterial action is much more rapid in frozen and thawed meat than it is in fresh meat.

Frozen meat may be thawed before cooking, or it may be cooked in the frozen state.

Detailed directions for the processing, freezing, storage, and cooking of frozen foods may be obtained by sending 15¢ to the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. Ask for U. S. Department of Agriculture Circular No. 709, *Freezing to Preserve Home-grown Foods*.

Saving Frozen Foods

"What shall I do if the power goes off or the compressor of the home freezer fails?" Send for the service man at once and leave the box closed. The temperature of the contents will remain below freezing for 12 hours or longer. If repairs are not made by that time, put 10 or 15 pounds of dry ice in the box (but leave the door open a little to avoid explosion). Perhaps the dealer from whom you bought the freezer can furnish temporary storage. If you leave home for a few days or longer, have someone take a look at the freezer occasionally. Otherwise, you may find the contents spoiled when you return.

The Four Horsemen's Last Ride

By
RUBE SAMUELSON

Condensed from a book*



OUTLINED against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as *Famine, Pestilence, Destruction, and Death*. These are only aliases. Their real names are *Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley, and Layden*.

Ten weeks after Grantland Rice wrote those words, Notre Dame's fabled Four Horsemen galloped into the Rose Bowl against Stanford's Indians for their last ride. It was the most memorable of all.

On that warm afternoon of Jan. 1, 1925, the late Knute Rockne's ballet backfield met, head on, a single blond bull named Ernie Nevers. It was the brute force of Nevers against the nimble finesse of the Four Horsemen, three of whom, Fullback Elmer Layden, Halfback Sleepy Jim Crowley, and Quarterback Harry Stuhldreher, weighed less than 160 pounds. It was *The Man versus The Machine*.

It was also a showdown between the rival fullbacks, Nevers and Lay-

den. No two football stars, playing the same position in the same game, were ever more dissimilar. Nevers, a hulking giant, returned to action in the Rose Bowl after being sidelined for weeks with two broken ankles. Both of his legs were bandaged to the knees, so tightly, the Associated Press reported, that circulation was all but choked off. Novocain deadened his pain.

Layden, a fancy-dan runner, six feet tall but as thin as a lath, was a whirling dervish, a sprinter-fullback who seemed to fly in a football suit. He was the game's great opportunist.

All Four Horsemen were seniors. Hard upon their 13 to 6 victory over West Point on Oct. 19, 1924, popular acclaim singled out Notre Dame as Eastern nominee for the Rose Bowl. The Irish kept winning. The tag of "Four Horsemen" had captured the fans' imagination so completely it was obvious no other candidates need apply.

What finally made Stanford the Western nominee was the 20 to 20

*The Rose Bowl. Copyright, 1951. Reprinted with permission of Doubleday and Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 299 pp. \$3.50.

deadlock played by the Indians and California, then in the fifth year of its undefeated "wonder-team" era. The Indians tied the score as the final gun went off. Walter Camp called it the greatest game he had ever seen. The result gave Stanford a season record of seven wins, one tie, and no losses.

The 53,000 Rose Bowl seats were sold two weeks before the game. More than 125,000 would have been on hand on New Year's day if they could have gotten seats.

Rockne, the wizard, opened the Stanford game with his Notre Dame "shock troops." That was how he had piloted the Irish to nine straight victories and a total of 258 points against 44 during the regular season. The shock troops absorbed the enemy's best punch, then retired while the ballyhooed Four Horsemen and Seven Mules took over offensively.

"Time after time," recalled Eddie Scharer, shock-troop quarterback, "Rock would instruct me to call plays which I knew wouldn't work. Did I call them? You bet your life I did. There were at least eight other guys to take my place if I didn't. After two or three plays we would always be right where we started, and forced to kick. But Notre Dame was learning all about the Stanford regulars. The sports writers never caught on, either." The Irish setup was a forerunner of the present-day two-platoon system, but Rockne worked it with

more finesse than is used now.

The first time the Four Horsemen carried the ball, Miller fumbled, and Stanford recovered on the Notre Dame 17-yard line. Two thrusts by Nevers set up a field-goal try, made from the 17. Stanford led 3 to 0.

After the kickoff, swift parries by Layden and Crowley, mixed with Stuhldreher's passes and bewildering plays, brought the Irish to Stanford's nine-yard line. Here Stanford wrested the ball from Notre Dame on their own ten. But Cuddeback attempted to kick out of danger, the ball squirted off his foot and out of bounds on Stanford's 32. It was the Irish opportunists' turn to cash in on a break.

Sleepy Jim Crowley, now with eyes wide open, darted off tackle and then weaved and bobbed 13 yards to the Stanford 19. In three more plays, Miller and Layden charged through the line for a first down on the seven-yard line as the first quarter ended. Crowley picked up four yards, after which Layden, Quick Death of the Notre Dame backfield quartet, blazed over center for a touchdown. Stanford blocked the attempted conversion but the Irish were out in front, 6 to 3.

Like the mad bull he was, Nevers went to work. His bruising plunges brought the Indians 49 yards to the Notre Dame 31. On fourth down with six yards to go, his quarterback called for a risky flat pass from

Nevers to Ted Shipkey. Almost as big blond Nevers cocked his arm, a streak of lightning flashed in the Irish backfield. Layden was on the move.

The lithe thin man jumped high to tap the aerial away from Shipkey, waited a split second to gather it in, and then streaked 78 yards to the Stanford goal line. Crowley converted; Notre Dame led, 13 to 3.

Before the half ended, Nevers paced another Indian spurt downfield, 58 yards to the Irish ten, but it came to naught when a substitute end fumbled. Notre Dame recovered on the 17, and the half ended after one more play.

Notre Dame's third touchdown, scored in the third period, came as another bolt from the blue. This time Layden booted a spiral 50 yards upfield, over the head of the Stanford safety man. As the safety turned to retrieve the pigskin, it slipped from his grasp. Huntsinger of Notre Dame snatched the ball and scooted 20 more yards, unmoled, to score. Crowley drop-kicked successfully, giving Notre Dame a 20 to 3 advantage.

Two sudden breaks had turned a close game into a 17-point deficit for Stanford. With the Four Horsemen's reputation, it was enough to curl up any team except the fighting tribesmen from Stanford. Had not they closed an almost similar gap in less than half the time now remaining, to earn a 20 to 20 tie with California?

Nevers himself opened the attack. The crippled fullback, in his display of Samson might, was to give as severe a physical beating to the Irish forwards as he received. In all, he made a record number of 34 bull rushes into the line for a gain of 114 yards. Not only was the blond bruiser relentless on offense, but on defense made three-fourths of the tackles.

Now it was his turn to intercept. Picking off a Stuhldreher pass, he returned the ball to the Irish 29. On the march again, it was Nevers, Nevers, Nevers, except for three yards contributed by Lawson. Then Ernie churned his bandaged legs six times beyond the Seven Mules' best resistance, two, three, and four yards at a crack, until the seven-yard line was reached. Here Notre Dame, expecting more of the same rough treatment, was crossed up. On the fourth down, with a yard to go, Ed Walker rifled a pass to Shipkey in the end zone. The extra point made the count 20 to 10.

Before the spectators had taken another good breath, the Indians were banging again at Notre Dame's goal line. It looked like the Stanford-California game over again. Following the kickoff, Stanford plucked a pass out of the air and returned the ball to the Irish 31. Now in the fourth quarter, the Indians didn't propose to waste any time. Shipkey slam-banged his way to the 26-yard line. Eight yards by the redoubtable Nevers took Stan-

ford to the Irish 18, and four plays later he huffed and puffed for seven additional vital yards to record a first down on the six. It actually looked as though the blond-thatched bull was carrying the entire Notre Dame 11 on his back.

Tension was high, and Notre Dame took time out. It was Crowley, the team's comedian, who may have saved the day in that spot with his flippant crack. "Look, you guys," said the not-so-sleepy halfback. "You take this game too seriously."

The next two thrusts, by Nevers, fell a yard short of the goal line. Rockne then sent in John McMullin to replace Rip Miller at tackle. Here, the players figured, must be the magic key from the sage himself. It couldn't be learned immediately, however, since the rules then prohibited a substitute from talking, after entering the game, until one play had been run. That meant holding Nevers again through use of their own defense strategy—and muscles. They held him, but only a half yard out. Then the Irish hurriedly gathered around McMullin, and chorused, "What did Rock say?"

"Rock said to hold 'em!" the innocent substitute tackle blurted.

The record shows that on the 4th down Nevers was held inches short of the goal line. It may have been because the shrewd Notre Dame coach had this time broken the tension with psychological assistance, or the Seven Mules deserved an

accolade. Maybe the Blond Bull was stopped, but you will never make any Stanford rooter, or Nevers himself, believe it.

Referee Ed Thorp's call was of great significance because, had the touchdown been allowed, Stanford would then have trailed by only 20 to 17.

"And the way the game was going," Miller, the opposing tackle, admitted, "Nevers could have come down the field easily for another touchdown. He was really belting us around. As it stood, Stanford remained ten points behind, and had to gamble with wild passes, one of which we picked off for another seven points."

With the ball officially inches from the goal line, possession belonged to Notre Dame. Layden booted the ball out of danger.

Soon Crowley intercepted a Stanford pass on the Irish 10. Layden again punted out. Only 25 seconds remained to play. The Stanford quarterback, unaware of Coach Warner's ban on further use of the flat-pass play, Nevers to Shipkey, called it, only to see the same lightning strike again. This time Layden grabbed the ball from Shipkey's grasp, and sped 70 yards to the final touchdown. Crowley's conversion made the final score 27 to 10.

After the game, Rockne kidded, "That pass of Pop's was the greatest scoring medium I have ever seen. Either they scored on it or we did."

Progressive Education in Pasadena

*The parents in this California city decided to keep right on with
Readin', 'Ritin' and 'Rithmetic*

By HAROLD J. O'LOUGHLIN

THE CITY of Pasadena, Calif., hired Willard E. Goslin as superintendent of schools. Goslin had been superintendent of schools in Minneapolis for five years. His theories of progressive education had made him a national figure, and the National Association of School Administrators had elected him president. Pasadenans were impressed by Goslin's national office, his reputation, and the verdict of an informal poll of educators.

When Goslin came to Pasadena in 1948, the schools of Minneapolis were closed. The teachers were striking for higher pay. Much of the public reaction against the strike was against Goslin. His policies were criticized in Minneapolis, but Pasadena disregarded this factor.

The California city had already had unfavorable experience with some of the techniques of progressive educators. Goslin's record showed that he was radical and revolutionary, but during his first year at Pasadena, which began in

July, 1948, no startling innovations were made. Relations of all parties were pleasant.

The opening months were a period of planning. Before he came to Pasadena, Goslin had stipulated that he had the right to bring new people with him. He brought them. He shifted personnel. He outlined plans for discussion groups. He presented a request to the voters for \$5 million. It was granted by a vote of four to one. This was on October 1, a few months after he had taken office.

Goslin went on to detail plans for summer camps for students and workshops for his teaching staff. The new buildings to be erected with funds from the bond issue required surveys and rezoning of city areas. As his activities and paper projects accelerated, there was a growing sense of wonder, and the beginning of resentments. During this time, too, another change had been made. Goslin secluded himself from his public. There would no longer be the easy opportunity for any citizen to speak his mind

to the superintendent; for the local reporter to question the head of schools on implications in a new appointment; for a teacher to get from the highest source the master's interpretation of policy. His new assistants carefully screened all visitors and parceled his time. Public relations quietly deteriorated.

The most significant step, however, was not taken until a year after Goslin took office. Close to Goslin's heart was a summer workshop. In it the teaching staff in the schools would have the benefit of study and discussion of school problems under experts. Had any hopes survived of a slower pace in the experiment, they were blasted in the first workshop, which Goslin opened in 1949. William Heard Kilpatrick came from Columbia Teacher's college. During the week of the workshop he lectured to 29 key members of the teaching staff. But anyone interested in his program, and many parents were, was provided with the collection of his lectures entitled "We Learn What We Live." There was no mistaking the program nor the policy.

Kilpatrick at 78 had a tremendous reputation among teachers. He was a recognized leader in "modern pragmatic education." He was also listed as a supporter of organizations suspected of communist sympathies. And if the name of John Dewey was anathema to many parents, their fears for the future were even more acute when

they learned that Kilpatrick was even more progressive than his friend and mentor, Dewey.

Kilpatrick, too, was a pragmatist. The growing group of parents and taxpayers who were now anxiously examining their school system were learning of purposes and programs they had not dreamed of. The purpose of education, they discovered, is the good life, varying pragmatically from place to place and from time to time. And the criterion of good, they discovered, was the set of values which the experts to whom they intrusted the education of their young, considered good.

Kilpatrick's jargon was unfamiliar and disquieting. There would be experience curriculum, core programs, mass promotion, reading readiness, personal evaluations, and subjective ratings. Two of the parents who became vocal at the full import of the program were Catherine Hallberg and Louise Padelford. They have since reviewed events. The Kilpatrick program seemed revolutionary. "Dr. Kilpatrick proposed that our children 'learn what they live' by means of an experience curriculum," they said. "To our astonishment he stated that there was to be no subject matter as such, and no set program of instruction. There would be no period of the day devoted to the teaching of subjects. In fact, reading, writing, spelling, grammar, arithmetic and history, aren't to be taught separately at all. In-

stead the children are to select what they like as projects upon which to work. With this new approach to teaching go the proposals of avoiding any system of marks or report cards. There would be no examinations. There would be no promotions as such. It was suggested that children remain with a given teacher for a few years, working on classroom projects which grow from the pupils' own interests. This would give rise to incidental learning rather than imposing upon the child any systematic learning of basic skills and fundamental information."

Goslin deliberately gave the Kilpatrick program his full endorsement. He prepared the foreword for Kilpatrick's book, and said, "In company with other leaders, Dr. Kilpatrick has had opposition to some of his views. However, parents, teachers and other citizens who have taken the time to study and understand his proposals have very generally supported them."

As discussion groups were organized many parents grew more disturbed. It was apparent that in Goslin's plan, "the school would monopolize all of the means to influence child development. There could be no encroachment upon its making of the complete man. Other institutions with traditional qualifications would be put aside. Churches, the Scouts, all character building groups, not to mention the family, would have no part."

And in time there were even more disquieting developments. Goslin installed in 1949 as his assistant superintendent a Dr. Robert Gilchrist who had worked with him in Minneapolis. The doctor was a director of a very active organization, the American Education Fellowship. It put out a monthly magazine. The Fellowship had two purposes: "to channel the energy of the educators toward the reconstruction of the economic system; and the establishment of a genuine world order, an order in which national sovereignty is subject to world authority, and an order in which world citizenship assumes at least an equal status with national citizenship." Such a program would go far beyond Dewey.

As Mrs. Hallberg and Mrs. Padelford recalled from reading the publication, "We were amazed at John L. Child's declaration that frank commitment to the welfare state is essential; at George S. Count's statement that the day of individualism in production and distribution of goods is gone, and that teachers should deliberately reach for power and then make the most of their conquest."

In February, 1950, a representative of the Fellowship, Dr. Theodore Brameld, came to Pasadena to speak to teachers and parents. He had written a book which reviewed his experiences at Floodwood, Minn. (pop., 667), where

he had indoctrinated junior high school students with his ideas of collectivism. Parents in Pasadena wondered when they read his doctrine that teachers and parents "holding restated democratic purposes must join with other forces in the community who conceive public schools as rightful agencies of social change as well as mere stability." The superintendent of schools and the president of the PTA defended Brameld when objections were raised.

A summing up of the purposes and program now amounted to this. In the classrooms no religion might be taught, nor could the concept of Deity be suggested. All of the techniques of teaching were geared to prepare children for a world order which would reject all traditional beliefs. Though Goslin upon occasion would show sympathy for the American tradition of initiative, his program developed future citizens only for an order which rejected all such traditions. Goslin's "education for democracy" would turn out children who could not live in the democracy Americans had known.

As Frank Chodorov put it: "The basic doctrine of this 'education for democracy' is that the democracy which stems from the axiom of natural rights is not democracy at all. In the democracy of the future, the individual is of no account, the group is everything. You cannot have a free society, the doctrine

holds, if everybody is a free agent; he must adjust himself to the overall pattern, presumably devised by the best brains.

"The business of education then, is to mold the mind of the child to an acceptance of the supremacy of the group. He must learn that he is not an end in himself; he is only one of many. That being so, the principal and all-pervading subject in the school curriculum is the activity program consisting of projects in which the student acquires the habit of cooperative submissiveness.

"It follows that the acquisition of knowledge is only incidental to the educative process. It is quite unnecessary to teach the child the three R's; he will pick these things up somehow as he goes along. Why cram his mind with information and values that must be false, simply because they come out of the past, when the real business of his life will be to make the values of the new social order?

"Competitive examinations, marks, and honor grades are taboo in this system, because they emphasize difference in capacities; in the new social order all will be equal in genius. Pupils must therefore be passed from grade to grade, regardless of their proficiency, because they must be kept with their age groups. No demands must be made of the child that might single him out from the rest. Education is not for the development of in-

dividuality, it is for building the citizens of tomorrow.

"Mr. Goslin's innovations in the classroom bounced back in the home. The parents did not approve of this kind of education. They sent their children to school to learn something, and when they remonstrated because nothing was being learned, they were rebuffed for being behind the times. The verdict in Pasadena was that 'education for democracy' is not education at all; it is training for the collectivized society."

The test of reactions to the program came on June 2, 1950. A vote of two to one, the largest vote recorded in Pasadena in a school election, rejected the request for an increase in the tax rate by which Goslin's projects might be realized. The superintendent accepted the defeat. But while openly tolerant of "the forces of reaction and conservatism," he did nothing to control the activities of his supporters. In November, Goslin flew east to attend a meeting of educators in Washington. A few days later a

series of letters endorsing Goslin and his program was handed to the school board. They were signed by 194 teachers. It was the board's judgment that the letters were signed under pressure. The board demanded and received Goslin's resignation.

Goslin was succeeded by Frank R. Walkup, a local man. It is the general opinion that he has administered his office competently. Perhaps this explains the two to one vote of last June by which Pasadenaans approved the increase in their taxes for the schools. Two new members of the board were named in this election. They are in opposite camps, but the conservative element continues in control. Whether Pasadenaans resent the slogan which Goslin zealots coined to characterize them is not determined. These zealots say the three R's in Pasadena stand for "Rich, Republican and Reactionary." But it seems reasonably certain that henceforth the basic R's, Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic, will be taught in Pasadena schools.

Life in the Soviet

THE old woman sighed "Thank God!" as she finally managed to squeeze into a Moscow subway car.

"You shouldn't say that, citizen," a Red army soldier rebuked her. "You should say, 'Thank you, Stalin, for the Moscow subway.'"

They rode in silence for a while. Then the old woman asked, "But what if Stalin dies?"

"Oh," said the soldier, "then you can say, 'Thank God!'"

New York Times (14 July '51).



Our Town's Negro Ball Players

*We fussed and argued, but now
we're real proud of ourselves*

By MARTY CROWE

Condensed from *Today**

THE NORTHERN league is a Class-C baseball setup in the upper Midwest. The cities represented are typically American. The Bears, one of the teams in the league, signed two Negro players. The Bears represent a city of 40,000. A tire manufacturing plant is its industrial backbone. I live in this city, and it's a pretty city. Many of its people are friendly, and I like it here.

The sports page in our newspaper announced last spring that the two Negroes would play for the Bears. Contributors to a department called *The Voice of the People* started a heated discussion. Some professed alarm at the arrival of two colored players. They said the two Negro boys might like it in our city. Then they'd pass the word along, soon other Negroes would wish to come, and before you could say Jackie Robinson, property values would begin to fall.

Other voices pointed out that we had never had a racial problem in our city, and said that we should

beware of importing such a problem. On the other hand, voices proclaimed horror that our city should even dare to consider the practice of discrimination. Many letters were written. Some got rather heated. But after a while, the team came to town and the two Negro boys came with them.

One of the Negroes was a tall outfielder from Philadelphia; the other was a short, right-handed pitcher from Texas. The pitcher was very quiet and very black. The outfielder was sort of brown in color. He was also handsome. Further, he had fine manners, and a nice smile with flashing teeth.

The secretary of the Bears called me the day the team hit town. She said they couldn't find a place for the Negro boys to room, and asked whether they could room at our house. We have a large house with several vacant rooms. I said they could come over. I also asked for two more players, as we had room for four. So the two colored boys and two white boys roomed at our house last summer.

The Negro boys roomed together

because somebody from the board of directors said that was "preferable." But the room occupied by the white boys adjoined that of the colored boys, which was "permissible," and they were in and out of each other's rooms all summer. This was also permissible.

The outfielder with the splendid teeth became the star of the team and of the league. Late in the season he was voted "rookie of the year," and he set a new league record for stolen bases. Also, he could cover more ground defensively than any other Class-C outfielder I ever saw. He was very good.

He was so good that a lot of people were able to forget he was a Negro, and called him Bill. They would shout, "Steal, Bill! Steal!" and laugh when the opposing pitcher got nervous trying to hold Bill on first.

Bill really had a good personality, and considerable education. He also had a girl friend, Negro, and her picture was always on the table in his room. Quite a few girls from town called him up and tried to date him, but to my knowledge none ever succeeded.

Roy, the little pitcher, was not so smooth as Bill. He was very lonely and sometimes almost forlorn. But he had a mighty fast ball, and for a while he was the best pitcher on the team. The girls started to call him up, too, and since he didn't go steady he would talk with them and even kid with them a little.

Sometimes a girl would walk with him from the ball park all the way downtown.

Someone told me to tell him he had better cut out walking with white girls like that, so I did and he did—but one girl was in love with him, I think. And I think he was in love with her, too. Or maybe he was just lonely, because he wasn't nearly so popular as Bill. Anyhow, she used to come to the house after the games were over, about 10:30 at night, and they'd sit on the porch steps and talk. And they'd laugh a lot.

One night, in one of the Dakota cities, Roy almost beamed a batter. He was pretty wild, most of the time. The player came after him with a bat and said no black so-and-so was going to dust him. But all the Bears rallied around and insisted that if the irritated young man was going to attack a black so-and-so, he'd better pick somebody besides Roy, because Roy was a Bear.

I almost forgot to mention the kids. Our neighborhood is full of kids, and their favorite ball player was Roy. Maybe it was because he had more time for them than anyone else on the team, since he had more time anyhow. Whatever the reason, the kids liked him, and they almost wore out our doorbell ringing it and asking, "Is Roy home?"

My son Terry liked Roy, too. Terry was only a year old last sum-

mer. He and Roy had some great times together. I think Roy was happiest when he was with Terry.

Roy hurt his arm early in the season, and before the summer was over the Bears had to let him go. He was downhearted the morning he left for home. Roy really loved baseball. I suppose I'll never see him again. He left an autographed ball for Terry, and some day I'll tell Terry about him, and about color and all that. Terry hasn't got to words yet, though, and when I tell him, I hope the words won't get in the way.

Well, that's about it. The summer ended, and Bill, the outfielder, went home, too. We rented the rooms to someone else. Property values stayed about the same.

Our town is pretty proud of the way they treated Bill and Roy. I've heard it said that "for every guy that was agin' 'em there was ten who wasn't." And I guess that's right. Lots more heat was put on manager Andy Cohen, "that dumb kike," than ever was directed at the Negro boys. Of course, now

that Cohen has been moved up to manage Class-A Denver next year, most of his critics "always knew Andy had it in him. For a Jew, he was some guy, Andy was."

But in its pride over the way it treated the two Negro ball players, I hope our town understands that it took Bill in because he was the great star, and because his personality and his cleanliness and his good looks overcame the obstacle of his race. In other words, it accepted him in less essential things. But it should know, too, that there was a fine, fierce pride in Bill which would have survived anyhow. Bill's contempt for the crude and the callous was strong enough to ride out any storm, I think.

It was Roy we hurt, because he was vulnerable. We liked him in my town. We liked the "swift" he had on the ball, and the courage he had in his heart. But we never quite took him in—except for a girl who laughed softly in the late evening quiet, and a lot of kids who choose their heroes their own way, and a year-old boy named Terry.

The Lady Fainted

UMPIRE Bill McGowan, one of the best, was having a rocky afternoon in Washington. Nick Altrock was coaching on third. A batter fouled one into the stands. A little later, McGowan glanced into the stands. The ushers were carrying a woman to the exits.

"Did that foul ball hit that woman?" McGowan asked Altrock.

"No," impolitely answered Nick, "you called one right and she fainted."

Halsey Hall in the *Minneapolis Tribune*.



Inuk, Hunter of the Arctic

By ROGER BULIARD

Condensed from a book*

IN his youth, Roger Buliard daydreamed a glamorous future. But the Crusades were past, and man's adventure seemed ended. One day while he was looking in a shop window a book flashed before his eyes. It told about men who take Christ's message to the most forlorn outposts of the world, the Arctic. Young priests were needed. Roger Buliard joined the Oblate Missionaries, Les Peres Oblats de Marie-Immaculee, the "specialists of difficult missions." Inuk, the book he wrote after 15 years of service, may well be the classic of its kind. Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, who directs our nation's missions, wrote the introduction. "No one has ever before written so penetrating an analysis of these people," he said. "This missionary's biography is at once a biography, a psychology and a summons to heroism." The section here condensed is concerned with "Our Daily Bread, Arctic Style."

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Inuk, Hunter of the Arctic

By ROGER BULIARD

IT was after the Offertory. I was saying Mass and extending my hands toward the lavabo when my altar boy, a wrinkled old Eskimo, late for Mass and quite out of breath, rushed in just in time to catch the cruet. But his mind was obviously not on the ceremony, and while he poured out the water he said, "*Falla, tikitoan—ataoserartoa-me!*" . . . "Father, they have arrived. I got one!"

I was excited myself. For what he meant was that the fish had arrived, the fish of fish, the fish par excellence — Ikraluk, a spotted sea trout with pink flesh, properly called Arctic trout, but here always called salmon. *Ikraluk!* The name has a cherished sound to the Eskimos, for this fish is their favorite. Fish, of course, is a basic food of the Inuit (Eskimo). They eat it any old way—raw, frozen, dried, or even cooked. It is fed to the dogs, in certain camps, almost as their only food, meat being reserved for humans.

Here on Victoria Island the Inuit still like to use the three-pronged fishing harpoon, but mostly for sport, or in desperation. Habitually, nowadays, the Eskimos have the fish nets of the white man. Nets are more practical and catch more fish faster.

Right beside the Eskimos, in the streams, along the rapids, and in the sea itself, the missionary, like St. Peter, spreads his nets. When the fish are running in true Arctic fashion, each venture yields a silver harvest that nearly overfills the canoes. On the beach, sharpening their *oloos*, V-shaped knives like old-fashioned curved nut choppers, the women wait. As soon as the catch is ashore they begin, filleting the fish quickly and expertly. Each fish goes on a wooden board, and a quick slash of the *aloo* cuts in at the gills. In a second, with two flashing movements the job is done. All that is left is the head and entrails of the fish, still attached to the main vertebrae. Blood flows, heads, entrails, bones pile up, and long lines of fresh plump fish hang in the sun. The women bend to their work, arms and hands streaming with blood, bowels, and offal, pausing only momentarily to lick their fingers or toss into their mouths some choice meat or a handful of fish eggs. During this bloody work they laugh, loudly and continuously, like the sanguinary shrews at the foot of the guillotine during the French Revolution.

Sometimes Arctic fishing is poor, but usually it is good beyond belief, beyond the imagining of am-

ateur sportsmen. It is hard work, though. Your fingers are pitifully lacerated by the nets, stung by the salt, and constantly pierced by the steely thorns of the scorpion fish, so named because of their angry, horned appearance and the ornery way they tangle the nets. I once had 57 in my net, and not a single edible fish.

Arctic fishing means hours hanging over the side of the boat, while squadrons of gulls soar in slow, predatory circles, their intense, greedy eyes fixed on you. The gulls dive on your boat like Stukas, uttering piercing, unearthly cries, fighting over fish scraps in the water. They provide an atmosphere of menace, and take some of the fun out of the sport.

But I like fishing time. I like the long ride out, the boat rocking restfully, the brisk sea breeze, the sunshine on the water. It is a good time, but sometimes hazardous.

One Sunday morning, a clear day after a fierce all-night tempest, I was getting into my boat. Tom Kanguak and his son ran up. "*Falla, ikayolaptegin!*" they cried. "Father, let us help you!" They piled into the boat and off we went.

Just as I had feared, my nets had pulled loose and dragged their anchors, so that they were in a circle and twisted. I began to straighten them out. It was quite a job. After a while Tom grinned and said, "*Uvanga tamna, Falla*" . . . "This one for me. Father."

"Okay, boy," I quickly agreed.

Tom bent to the job, eager to show me how clever he was and how strong. He was bent over the bow, hauling in an anchor rock, and the boulder was coming slowly—too slowly to suit Kanguak. He gave a mighty jerk and the water-rotted line parted. Tom did a perfect somersault, then made a perfect dive, head first into the deep. I grabbed at his feet and just missed. Tom went down, and for a long time I watched the bubbles. At last he appeared, and I quickly grabbed a handful of his wavy hair, holding his head out of water while he gasped and caught his breath, spitting out what seemed to be several gallons of salt sea water. Did I get any help from his son? That fellow was too busy laughing, to give me a hand with his father. When I hauled poor Tom aboard, dripping and quite chilled, the boy still roared with amusement. It was all a great joke.

A couple of hours later it was the boy's turn. Playing around with the nets, he leaned too far over the gunwale and fell into the water. There was a powerful current running out, and he was quickly sucked under and carried away, without once coming to the surface. We paddled around for an hour, looking for any sign of him, but he was gone. A few days afterward we found his body, led to it by the sea gulls eating up his face. I buried him that evening, the sound of

his laughter not yet gone from my memory. He was 18.

When summer has gone, and the brief autumn, the fishing boats are hauled out of water, high up on the rocky beach, and buried under deep snow.

One fine, quiet, cold, dry morning, the earliest riser in the Eskimo camp pushes aside the tent flaps, sticks his head out, and rouses the village.

"*Kogak sikoyok!*" he shouts. "The river is frozen!"

The camp rouses in a few minutes, amid general confusion. People rush about like mad, and the astonished dogs chafe at their lines as they watch the Inuit lay out the harness and ready the sleds. After four months of idleness, the dogs understand that at last they are to have a run. The prospect makes them uncontainably excited. They pay no attention to the slashing whips that command silence. When they are finally in the traces and the anchor is up, there is no holding them.

On one such day, when the river had finally frozen solid, we found ourselves careening madly downhill, my eleven dogs wild over their newly recovered liberty. I didn't want to take a chance on the new ice, with so much weight. My companion, Father Franche, waited for the right moment to throw out the anchor. He misjudged the distance and missed. The dogs shot out onto the ice and the heavy sled went

through at once. Only the bow, where I was perched, remained above the surface. I cut the dogs' backs with the whip, urging them on, for had they broken their speed for an instant everything would have gone under. Father Franche, in the water, clung precariously to the last crossbar of the sled, his long beard trailing on the surface. We functioned more or less like a hydroplane, or surfboard, for 300 yards, and we still had speed enough to stay up, poor Father Franche trailing behind. At last we hit a sandbar and pulled up on dry ground. But we had to return the same way, and quickly, before Father Franche turned into a block of ice. I coddled the dogs, turning them toward the ice, and three times signaled to go, while I kept the anchor firmly buried in the ice. Finally, when my wolves were good and angry, I lifted the anchor and we took off like a fighter plane, sailing across in a few seconds. We had to cut the frozen clothes from Father Franche's back, but he was still smiling, still game. After a brisk rubdown and a cup of hot, weak tea, he was fine.

AN Eskimo may catch a thousand fish with never a word of boasting. But let him kill a bear and the news will travel, far and fast. "*Nanuk-torok*," the Inuit will say of the fortunate hunter. "He has killed a bear." For in the Arctic, the bear is the champion, the greatest prize.

Nanuk, the bear, is a mysterious fellow. At certain times, and I cannot tell why, he seems to disappear. No one sees a polar bear, nor his tracks nor droppings. Then, one day, out of nowhere waddles Nanuk, right in front of your dogs. Sometimes he is alone, sometimes he has a comrade or two. Hunters have seen as many as ten together. In that case Inuk the Eskimo steps discreetly aside, without asking for an interview. There will always be another time.

For between Nanuk and Inuk there is a game, and ordinarily one or the other loses his shirt. Since the Eskimo has a rifle nowadays, the bear usually winds up dead.

You may meet Nanuk anytime, and almost anywhere — usually when you least expect him. He may be sitting at your door, or trundle across your trail when you're hunting. You may meet him along the coast, where you've gone to visit your trap line, or even a hundred miles out on the ocean, Mr. Nanuk, Esq., calmly riding a floating iceberg, or swimming in the freezing water, without effort.

And the first time you see him you are shocked. An enormous fat weasel! Such is your impression, with his short legs, long body, endless neck and slender snout. He weighs as much as 1500 lbs. and consequently doesn't look active, but seems to lumber along, slow and unhurried, as clumsy as can be. Don't be deceived. He is just as

agile in attack as in flight, and in battle he is an all-out slugger. He can gallop when he has to and make good time, but his best gait is a trotting stride, wobbly but steady, reminding one of a hula dancer's contortions. The bear goes straight ahead, but his heavy rear end sways him from side to side. He can maintain this trot all day long, provided he hasn't had too much to eat. Food is his Achilles' heel.

For the pleasure of gorging himself, Nanuk will take any kind of risk. He will walk right into a camp filled with dogs and men, and even into a shack. In really lean days he will filch seal right off the sled, though ordinarily he doesn't have to resort to thievery. He is an expert sealer himself. Seal is the only food he really likes, and what he wishes is the blubber. He doesn't care for meat except when he is on his last legs.

Many have mentioned Nanuk's sense of humor. He loves to play, and if he finds a steel oil drum he is in ecstasy over it, rolling it down hill, pushing it like a wagon, trundling it like a barrow, and finally destroying it, the way a child will break a toy he's tired of. He is the same with a sled, tobogganing for a while, pulling it behind him, and finally smashing it to bits.

His curiosity knows no bounds. Leave your boat out on the ice, upside down, and you are just inviting Nanuk to come and have a look. He will snuffle around, peer under-



neath, and finally decide that he has to get to the bottom of the thing. Then he will smash your boat with one swipe of his enormous paw, splitting the hull as if it were a cardboard carton. I lost two boats this way. Now I leave them keel down, so that the bear can see for himself that there's nothing hidden. Being essentially a gentleman, a well-bred fellow, he never touches them.

In the winter Nanuk will confidently go after a seal under six feet of ice. His technique is flawless. He finds the seal's breathing holes—five or six of them. He selects one, and carefully digs into the ice around it. Then he covers the thin ice with snow, so the seal will notice nothing. Then he sits down, motionless as a marble statue, his left paw poised, ready to strike. He will stay at his post until the seal comes to breathe—as long as he has to, as rigid as a dead man. The bear is so intent on the task that

it is quite easy to surprise and kill him while he waits. Sometimes the sly Eskimo waits until he gets the seal first.

The actual kill is as skillful as a surgeon's incision. As soon as the seal comes to the hole, Nanuk's paw comes down, staving in his head. The Eskimo, with his harpoon, imitating the bear, often misses, but Nanuk never does.

When he has killed the seal, the bear settles down for a good meal. He tears the unfortunate animal apart and gorges himself on the weals of blubber, throwing the meat aside to be devoured by his retinue.

Every bear has a retinue. A corporal's guard of neat white foxes follow him everywhere. He does their hunting for them. While he is eating, they try to snatch a bit, but Nanuk doesn't care for this. He has the temper of an old man, or a sour old NCO. He wants peace when he eats and it is comical to watch him shoo the little fellows away, warning them to curb their hunger and wait until the boss is finished. When he has finally stuffed himself, though, he has no more interest in the proceedings.

An expert on the ice, and a good hunter inland, the bear is also an able citizen on open water. One day, out sailing, I saw a white wake ahead. "White whale ahead!" I yelled to the boy at the helm. "After it!"

Instead of a whale it was a bear, swimming rapidly inshore. He

thrashed madly like an old side-wheeler, desperately trying to out-distance us, but we gained on him and he turned his head in the water, showing his great white teeth. He understood that he couldn't outrun us, and decided to try an all-out attack, realizing that he could stave in the boat with ease if he could get a good crack at the hull. He dived twice, coming to the surface near the gunwales, but we outmaneuvered him. The boat was too fast for him. Finally he surfaced, in a great rage, and swam straight toward the boat. I fired, and the bullet was deflected by the bone, leaving a red gash in his head that blinded him and drove him wild with pain. He floundered for a moment, then dived and almost landed in the boat, his jaws wide. I fired again, and this time it got him. The tornado suddenly stopped. The great white body floated away like a chunk of ice, just the buttocks and tail showing out of water. We had only to fasten a line to the bear and tow him ashore — all 13 feet of him. Then it was a matter of skinning and butchering, and soon after that to yell through the camp the call that will surely bring every Eskimo in the district. "*Nan-uktoritse!*" . . . "Come and eat bear!"

The bear's teeth are saved to make belt clips. The skin makes a wonderful waterproof mattress, or a fine pair of pants, worthy of a

great hunter. But sometimes it makes neither bed nor pants, for the poor Inuk, needing ammunition or tobacco rather badly, shrugs his shoulders in resignation and sells the skin to those *Krabloonak*, those Big Eyebrows, the traders.

"Well," he says, "*Ayornarman*. It can't be helped. But just the same, it's too bad, eh? What pants it would have made."

So the skin of Nanuk, "God's dog," a silken-haired pelt, white as snow, goes off to make a vulgar rug. A pity indeed to see even the remains of the great beast trampled underfoot. But, at that, perhaps it is better than to end as some do, in great city zoos.

I FIRST saw the caribou mass almost by accident. We were on a trip, myself and an Eskimo boy, looking for a couple of catechumens. Pastoral work in the Arctic is a little difficult. You can't make calls as you would in a village, rotating your



parishioners. And Eskimo camps are always on the move. We had been out of touch with this group of Eskimos for six months. Now we could find no trace of them. The snow was soft, making the going tough, and the mountain we were climbing had a dozen false summits but seemed to have no real top. We were on a ridge and I was dreaming of sitting down to rest, when the boy seized my arm.

"*Falla, tuktuk!*" he cried. "Father, the caribou!"

I looked off into the valley. As far as the eye could reach there were caribou, caribou, nothing but caribou. The valley was jammed with them, the slopes covered. And our trail led right through the center of that swarming mass of thousands upon thousands of caribou. All that day and the next we virtually breathed caribou, and were almost engulfed, in the pressing waves of the enormous grazing herd—lost in a moving, undulating forest of antlers. It was, in a way, terrifying, and yet there seemed to be no danger. The caribou were absolutely unconcerned, and, in any case, too tightly packed to run from us, or to charge. And our dogs, for once, were quiet, apparently overwhelmed by the sight.

The does, fawns pressed close against their sides, were a little skittish when we got close, but the old bulls, with their towering antlers, were perfectly phlegmatic—proud, battle-scarred beasts whose noncha-

lance seemed to indicate that they had seen and done everything.

I was seeing, for the first time, the main caribou herd of the Barren Land, an enormous army that roams the steppes, appearing for a few days, vanishing overnight, reappearing in a year, two years, or three. Their migratory course depends on weather, wind, and the condition of the moss and lichens upon which they graze.

On the periphery of the herd lurked squadrons of gray long-haired wolves, five or six to a group, easily keeping abreast of the bovines, their wary eyes vigilant, their cruel snouts rather arrogant. From time to time a wolf pack would select an unwary caribou who strayed a bit from the main herd and pursue him across country until he could run no farther. In such a chase the wolves are left behind at first, but they count on their wind to pull them through. When they do reach the caribou, they attack *en masse*, slashing at the doomed animal's neck, hacking at his feet with their terrible teeth, riding his back until the caribou drops. And while the poor beast is still alive, in his death agony, they tear him apart and gorge themselves. The wolves are the caribou's only enemy, aside from man, and they kill far more than do the Eskimos.

Watching the wolves, I suddenly was overcome with resentment. I scattered the group with a few shots, hitting one long-legged old

fellow who dragged himself off looking for a remote place in which to hide from his fellows and die.

The Eskimos ambush this caribou herd between two lakes or two hills, or at any kind of defile through which the herd must pass. The Inuit crouch behind rocks, and permit the lead group to pass the ambush point. Once they have passed, the others follow, heedless of gunfire. The confused animals mill on, swerving sharply around the wounded. It is a slaughter such as you cannot imagine. The steppe is soon covered with hundreds of dead and dying caribou. The remnant drive madly on, heedless of the fallen. When the last straggler is out of range, the Inuit plunge from their hiding places and kill the caribou still alive, slashing throats with their sharp knives. Women run up, skinning and butchering the beasts and loading the meat onto the backs of the waiting dogs. Meanwhile, in the vague gray distance, the terrified herd runs on.

The excited Inuit kill far more than they need. Sometimes they take only tongue and skin, leaving the carcass on the open tundra.

During one of my "pastoral" trips, we came into the Eskimo camp late, guided by dead caribou. There had been an all-out massacre. For miles the steppe was littered with carcasses, piled in disorderly hills. A pale moon, looking frozen and cold, hung against the twilight and illu-

minated the carnage. Beyond a lake I saw the stars, and reddish lights mixed with them. Soon we heard dogs, and rode into the camp. The Inuit came out to meet us.

This camp had killed the caribou, and all day long, the next day, came the hourly call, "*Tuktuktoritse!* Come and eat caribou meat!" Every time I reached toward the common plate, the Eskimo hostess stayed my hand, and, dipping deep into the fat, brown soup, drew out the choicest piece—the succulent tongue. "Here, Father. That's yours."

Each evening they asked for the Rosary and for hymns. They love to sing, at any time, but especially in good times, in times of plenty, like this one, when they are light-hearted and happy. And when their stomachs are full.

Days passed, and I must be on my way. "*Alianarkrotin,*" my hosts said smiling. "Be happy." It is their way of saying, "You are welcome. Don't go yet. Stay with us." So I stayed, beyond my schedule, but at last I had to go. One morning in the ascending dawn the young men were getting my sled ready.

"Say, Father," one of them said, "we are loading up some meat for you. How much do you want? I mean, how many saddles? Too much bone in the rest."

"Well," I grinned, "just load her up, fellows. I've got dogs too, you know."

I knew they would give me plenty. But when I looked at the sled

I blinked. They had loaded 30 saddles. Of course, it was far too much, and the boys were laughing. Then an old man stumbled over the snow, a fawn on his shoulders, and a few seconds later some women came, forcing upon me a bag of caribou tongues. "This is for you, from us, the women," one of them said shyly. "Not from the men."

"*Koana*," I said, tears misting in my eyes. "*Koanapargonartok*. A real big thank you. Good-by."

THE caribou is workaday game. The Inuit feeds on the meat, and the hide makes his shirt, his tent, and his boat. His fuel supply is the seal—Nathek. Nathek's blubber provides the only fuel north of the tree line. Quantities of seal oil are wanted to feed the stone lamps of the igloos, for if the lamp is permitted to die, cold and death soon creep into the snowhouse.

In the summer, the Arctic ocean takes on the character of a dream without beginning or end, indolently rolling, endlessly moving, the surface iridescent and filled with silvery reflections. Then, when the ocean is calm, a "good boy," you will see the fluttering white kayaks effortlessly riding the sea, disappearing for a second or two, then rising again to ride the crest.

The Inuit are waiting for a small, dark, round-eyed head that will emerge for a look-see at the strange floating object. "Nathek!" the hunter will breathlessly say. "A seal."

He takes aim quickly and fires. The speeding bullet strikes the curious seal, and the dark little head snaps back as if hit by a mighty fist. Then the body rolls forward and the dead seal floats on the surface.

The Eskimo used to get most seals in winter, when Nathek was living beneath the ice. He hunted only when he needed to. In early winter, on bare smooth ice, the Eskimo saw the seals' breathing holes. Later, when snow covered the ice, his dogs could find them. The seal keeps six or seven breathing holes open all winter. At the surface, the hole may be only an inch or two in diameter, but it widens to make a cone in the ice, which is six feet thick, into which the seal's body will fit.

My first teacher in seal hunting was Mimorana, who took me out while I was still very green at the whole Arctic game. Once, while we were crossing some smooth ice, Mimorana pulled up the dogs and demanded importantly, "*Falla*, do you see those two seals over there, that small one on this side, and that mastodon farther on?"

I agreed that I saw them and Mimorana sneered. "Well, *Falla*, I'll bet you would try the closest one, eh?"

"Why, of course," I answered. "Even if he is the smaller one, it's a cinch of a shot. After all, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, as they say."

My Inuk laughed. "You white

men. *Ayortok!* Ourselves, Eskimos, we always take the biggest."

Off he went, crawling, stopping, making like a seal, sweating, scratching, until he was almost on top of the first one—a perfect shot. But he wanted the giant. The little fellow had no way of knowing this, and when he finally spotted Mimorana he dived like a flash. The Eskimo continued inching toward the big seal, his tummy dragging through pools of icy water. I stood there watching him, absolutely astounded by his skill, for as Mimorana got closer and closer the seal seemed to betray not the slightest apprehension. Finally the Inuk fired, and across the ice came the desperate sound of a bullet striking bone. Apparently my Eskimo had made a dead shot. He rose and streaked across the ice toward the seal. But when he reached the seal he looked for a moment, then turned his back and walked toward me over the ice, still armed with a dignity that could not be penetrated.

"Well, boy," I asked, "what's the matter?"

"*Mamianar!* A mangy old dead dog!"

"Never mind," I said. "Even I have killed dead seals."

"Hah!" he exclaimed. "You white men. Don't you know a dead seal is different? Flat? Elongated?"

I smiled at him. "And dead dogs?"

A few days later I killed a seal in an ice crack. While trying to

harpoon him before he sank, I caught the thong in my rifle, and into the drink went my gun. I sounded for the weapon, and instead of the gun brought up another seal, frozen stiff. A wicked idea crossed my mind, and I gave in to it. I arranged the frozen seal on the ice in what seemed to me a natural position and made a strategic withdrawal. Soon my seal-hunting professor appeared. He stalked the frozen seal as expertly as he had the dead dog, and finally fired at him, three shots, no misses.

"Eh!" I yelled. "That's quite enough. The seal is dead."

"No, *Falla*, he's alive," the Eskimo insisted. "Look at his head. I don't understand it. He must be made of iron." He approached the seal warily, and when he was five yards away made a superb flying tackle. When he hit that stiff, frozen body he let go with a hair-raising yell.

"Now, now," I comforted him. "Don't you know that a dead seal is different? Flat? Elongated?"

For once I had the satisfaction of seeing an Eskimo laugh at himself. Mimorana and I both roared.

THE little foxes—*Tiriganiak*—the Inuit despised. In the old days the Copper Eskimo hardly recognized the existence of the fox. If he met one on the trail he might risk an arrow just to try his skill, but never because he wanted the animal. Fox meat makes poor eating, and fox

fur is too frail for anything but baby clothes.

But fashionable women in Paris and New York did not share the Inuk's contempt. They regarded *Tiriganiak's* silvery fur as a perfect complement to their gleaming shoulders. What women want, men will get, and so the white man came to the Arctic after foxes and dinned into the Eskimo's ear the value of fox pelts.

"Do you want a rifle, eh, Inuk? Ammunition? Then go and get us foxes, plenty of foxes. Plenty of foxes."

The Eskimo wanted the white man's rifle, steel knife, fish net, boat. So he went after foxes. And soon he was so busy getting the miserable little animals he had no time left to hunt for real meat—for bear and caribou. The white traders ate bread and jam, and tea with sugar. The new food was no good. It had no taste, and certainly didn't stay with one on the trail. But the Inuk wanted to imitate the *Krabloonak*. He ate sugar, and it became a habit. He found that he could not do without it.

"Sugar," he says. "The Eyebrows offered it to us for nothing, just to try, and we threw it away. The taste of that sand was so bad. Now we have gotten to like it, but they no longer give it to us. They sell it, and dearly. *Mamianar!* Calamity!"

Systematically, white traders ensnared the Eskimos, making them slaves to commodities of which they

had felt no need before the Eyebrows came, unnecessary luxuries such as flour, silk, sugar, even chewing gum. All these things the Inuit paid for by giving up his healthy, free life. He ceased to be a hunter, in many cases, and became a trapper, a slave to the little foxes he despised. Thus *Tiriganiak* — the smallest of all — revolutionized the Eskimo's life, at least the lives of Eskimos close enough to the traders' posts to come under their influence.

Not too long ago, all Eskimos hunted to clothe and feed themselves. Now they go after foxes, with which to buy some jam, or a Mickey Mouse watch, or a cheap, tinny-sounding phonograph. They haven't time to hunt for seal to provide oil for their lamps, so they buy the white man's kerosene. More foxes. There is no caribou meat on hand, so he eats the white man's flour. More foxes. Soon he lives in a vicious circle.

Thus, in areas where traders hold sway, the happy hunter of old has become a kind of clerk. Once fierce and independent, ignoring tomorrow and contemptuous of anyone who mentioned it, now he is always in debt, as badly off as a petty office worker caught in the clutches of the race-track bookmaker. Once his life was diversified—today hunting, tomorrow sealing, the next day fishing. Now he must turn all his energies toward capturing the fox for the white men's women.

The Praire Before the Plow

"When the rolling grasslands echo the last coyote's howl, their wildness and color will be gone"

By RUTH LOUISE HINE

Condensed from *Audubon Magazine**



WHEN the English settlers first viewed the great North American grassland, they didn't know what to call it. They had no counterpart for it in their homeland. They named it *prairie*, the French word for meadow. A hundred years ago, the flat expanse of Illinois, the swells of Iowa, the rolling plains and valleys of Nebraska had plants and animals strange to us in their vast areas.

Only scattered fragments of primeval prairie remain. Plant ecologists have recently pieced together what the great expanse was like. It was treeless, except along streams in its eastern half, and shrubs were scarce. Animals adapted themselves to life in the open, where they had no shelter from sun or rain, no trees to climb nor hide in. Animals, to escape enemies, had to be good runners like antelopes and jack rabbits, or good burrowers, like ground squirrels and gophers.

Birds were ground nesters. They developed keen eyes to see prey and predator over vast reaches of land. Their ears were sharp, to pick up far-distant sounds. Most bird songs and calls were louder and more far-reaching than those of forest relatives.

Some animals, like the buffalo, congregated in herds for protection. Their color helped them, too. Many of the mammals hibernated, and most of the birds migrated to escape the grueling winters. Many insects were almost completely inactive ten to 11 months of the year.

The larger beasts were mostly hooved, grazing animals. They had to grind up and digest hard leaves. They developed ridged back teeth, long jaws which could move back and forth and sideways, and a many-chambered stomach, an important adaptation for an eat-and-run meal.

The tall-grass prairie, sometimes

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called the "true prairie," was easternmost. Its highest development was in Illinois, Iowa, and eastern Nebraska. The eastern margin of the tall-grass prairie pushed into Indiana and Ohio as a peninsula of prairie into a sea of hardwood forest. Bunch grasses, such as blue-stem, speargrass and dropseed, grew six feet tall or more. In the eastern prairie, the grasses were as tall as a horse and rider; in the West they were only ankle-deep.

There were great numbers of flowering plants. On the prairie grew the deep purple flowers of lead plant, the tall, white, fuzzy heads and yucca-like leaves of rattlesnake master, the brilliant red-purple spikes of blazing star, and the prairie counterparts of many familiar woodland plants, clover, phlox, rose, gentian, aster, golden-rod.

Farther west, the tall grasses from the East and short grasses from the West merged. The western and drier portions of the prairie extended from the mixed-grass region to the Rockies. In this area, known as the Great Plains, the short grasses were abundant.

Prairie will everlastingly mean "buffalo" to the ages. Gigantic herds reigned over the entire prairie, even as late as Civil-war times. Ernest Thompson Seton estimated primitive buffalo numbers at 75 million. Bands of millions migrated north to Canada in the spring, and returned in autumn.

Buffalo provided the thunder of the grassland, and antelope the lightning. The graceful prong-horned antelope is the swiftest four-footed animal in North America, and can run 40 miles an hour or more if hard pressed. Silvery-gray jack rabbits, bounding along with bushy tails out straight, were conspicuous inhabitants of the prairie. Their stiff-legged, springy, 20-foot leaps carry them along at a speed close to that of the antelope. They live a solitary life. Each animal dwells in an area only about two miles square.

Rodents abounded in the prairie, outnumbering the larger grazing animals by far. Theirs was the life of the underworld, tunnels, nest chambers, and storage bins which honeycombed the grassland. Thirteen-striped ground squirrels were common throughout the prairie, but Richardson's ground squirrels, or "flickertails," favored the short-grass plains. Pocket gophers lived the life of moles, each in about a quarter acre of ground. They are about the size of a rat. They have small eyes and ears, large front feet, and fur-lined cheek pouches. Many species of deer mice and meadow mice riddled the prairie with their highways through the grass. Billions of prairie dogs, barking their feeling to the sun, were ever ready to dive headlong into their burrows, which often ran 14 feet into the ground.

Dry, rolling land with its dense

population of ground squirrels offered an ideal food supply for the badger, the prairie's "tough guy." With his compact, stocky body and strong front legs, the badger can dig so swiftly as to practically sink into the ground. That is where he spends most of his life, feeding, sleeping, and multiplying. He basks occasionally in his doorway in the sun.

Also living on rodents was the blackfooted ferret, now very rare. He was an animal of the short-grass plains. He resembles a yellow mink with black feet, tail, and eyes. His range was almost the same as that of the prairie dog, for prairie dogs were to the ferret what venison is to the wolf.

Ranging widely over the prairie was the gray or timber wolf, hunting in tribal packs. The prairie wolf, or coyote, haunted the plains. Although the buffalo were too big for him, and the antelope too fast, their calves and the ever-present rodents formed the prairie wolf's bill-of-fare. The barking and squalling of the coyote at dawn and dusk lent the eerie quality of true wilderness to the prairie.

The kit fox or swift was strictly a plains animal. This beautiful little creature, no larger than a house cat, lived in prairie burrows and seldom ventured far from home. Today, owing to widespread poisoning campaigns against coyotes and rodents, the kit fox has disappeared from many old haunts.

Meadow larks, horned larks, bobolinks, and dickcissels filled the air with color and song; grasshopper and savannah sparrows remained shyly within the grass cover; upland plovers, the prairie's shore birds, were present in countless thousands; prairie chickens were the characteristic resident birds, their hollow courtship "booms" echoing in the dawn solitude; red-tailed hawks hung in the air waiting for unwary ground squirrels, gophers, and mice.

The plains' bull snake, prairie rattlesnake, garter snake, and common toad were frequently found in most places and during most seasons.

The boundaries of the prairie were not sharp lines, nor were they static. Trees and grass were perpetually locked in a struggle for possession of this no-man's land. Dry spells favored the encroachment of prairie into the wooded areas; cool, rainy cycles favored the spread and growth of trees and confined the grasses again to drier areas. But the prairie held its own until it came up against forces with which it could not cope, domestic grazing animals and the plow.

Agriculture has now changed the prairie into pastures and cropland, erasing most of the original vegetation. The rich black soil of the tall-grass prairie eventually became some of the best agricultural land in the world. The tall grasses that had escaped the plow yielded to

heavy grazing by cattle. The short grasses of the plains are able to stand up under moderate grazing, and still survive in much of the uncultivated area, but overgrazing destroys them. Too many cattle are now rapidly depleting the native cover of short grass, allowing the invasion of less nutritious bluegrass and many wholly unpalatable weeds and coarse plants such as sagebrush, prickly pear, and other cacti. The increase of weeds has favored the increase of grasshoppers, rodents, and jack rabbits, which take further toll of the grasses. Only in a few "waste" places, areas too rocky to plow, do native prairie grasses still bend stiff-necked in the breeze.

Of the animals of the prairie some have gone, some have flourished. The rulers of the kingdom were the first to succumb. Even the plains were not big enough for both the massive, impetuous buffalo and the land-hungry pioneers. The great beasts were slaughtered for meat and hides. Part of the white-man's Indian-fighting strategy required the massacre of buffalos to deprive the red men of food. The buffalo millions were reduced to 500 animals at one time. Now, living in semidomestication, there are about 5,000 in the U. S.

Antelope were mercilessly persecuted until they were almost extinct by 1900. But the beautiful animals respond to protection, and

are now increasing in some western states. Wolves and coyotes were enemies of man. Extensive shooting and poisoning campaigns have reduced them in many areas to a fraction of their former numbers. When the West sees its last coyote, most of its wildness and color will be gone.

Most prairie songbirds have adapted themselves to civilization, though reduced in numbers. The prairie chicken is one of the most fascinating birds of the grassland. Central Wisconsin is now one of the last good outposts of this scarce bird. Overgrazing and man's stew-pot made the upland plover rare, but with protection and habitat restoration, this graceful bird with the haunting whistle is making a slow comeback. Hawks, eagles, owls, and snakes were persecuted until now only a few cling uncertainly to their ancestral home.

The thousand acres of silphiums, which tickled the bellies of the vanished buffalo, have disappeared. The land is still there, we still call it prairie, and it is still a land of sunshine and steadily blowing winds. We still feel its spaciousness, and see its endlessly rolling plains and the vast sky strung at night with stars so bright and close you feel you can almost touch them. But the prairie the first settlers knew is now part of the history we read with increasing regret.



BOOKS

OF CURRENT INTEREST

Mauriac, François. *LIFE OF JESUS*. Translated by Julie Kernan. *New York, David McKay, 1951. 258 pp., \$3*. Religious people and all those who wish life to have depth and meaning will relish this reprint. It is long overdue. The volume is not a life of Christ in the usual biographical sense. Chronology and continuity are sacrificed to a series of meditations which in many ways are by far the best work of Mauriac. It is life itself which interests him and life's Author. Mauriac examines our Lord's existence from the manger to the cross. The humanity of the Saviour is linked with all the valid pieties of earth, sky and water. And over this lovely human landscape play the lightning flashes of Christ's divinity and Mauriac's intuitions of time and eternity. The result is a little masterpiece of montage: three-dimensional and powerful in the way in which it evokes a vision of simplicity and holiness. The sentences are short and the whole mood of the book is vivid and unforgettable. For the many who love Christ it will be a volume that will never go out of style or become dated as so many books do these days.

Oliver, Douglas L. *THE PACIFIC*

ISLANDS. Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1951. 313 pp., illustrated, \$5. The Pacific islands seemed destined to play an important role in the oriental world of the future. The U. S. will be expected to guide the development of that role unless we are content to let the ubiquitous Russians take over the job and the islands. Of course we cannot expect to play an important part in the developing drama, or any part at all, if we do not make some attempt to understand the people of the islands and their customs and history. There has been far too much theory and slap-dash improvisation in our foreign policy, and far too little understanding of the peoples we are anxious to influence. The very fact that we are a trade imperialism frequently blinds us to everything else but trade. It is high time we woke up from our dream.

Mr. Oliver has made a brave attempt to fill up some of the holes in our knowledge of the Pacific islands and their people. Because he is an anthropologist, perhaps, Oliver spends too much time and space on ethnology and not enough time on all the islands and their possibilities of development. In discussing the pre-Christian marriage customs of the natives he is often con-

tent to follow the pagan line which from Frazer until now has been notoriously unreliable, if not positively unjust.

Brunini, John Gilland. *DAYS OF A HIRELING*. Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1951. 256 pp., \$3. The editor of *Spirit* is well known to the Catholics of the U.S. for his varied talents and many fields of interest. In this, his first novel, he has given us another instance of the faithfulness with which he observes life and ponders its meanings. The plot of the story is simple. Hilary Devoise, a Catholic, has been divorced by his wife, Miriam. Though he is still a young man sorely tempted to the easy sins and another marital adventure with the desirable Eleanor, his job, his Church—and grace—bring him through some tough times to a measure of serenity and peace. The story is retailed against the background of magazine pub-

lishing. Everyone will read meanings into this part of the story and will fancy they can identify many of the characters from the middle period of the *Commonweal*.

They will be wrong of course. Mr. Brunini's portraits, like those of Alexander Pope, are mosaics assembled from many sources and many rich experiences.

Kane, Joseph Nathan. *FAMOUS FIRST FACTS*. New York, H. W. Wilson Co., 1951. 888 pp., \$7. Indexed. Mr. Kane has assembled a tremendous book which records U.S. firsts—"happenings, discoveries and inventions." Now that Russia is on the prod to claim the invention of everything from tack hammers to tractors, Kane's opus should provide starry enlightenment and amusing reading. *Famous First Facts* is indeed a handy reference book. The index is foolproof enough to suit even a happy moron.

BOOKS

SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

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(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9.
GERTIE, The Horse Who Thought and Thought, by Margarite Glendenning (Whittlesey, \$2.25).

Intermediate Group—9 to 12.

THE MARBLE FOUNTAIN, by Valenti Angelo (Viking, \$2.50).

Boys—12 to 16. KNIGHTS' RANSOM, by S. F. Welty (Wilcox & Follett, \$2.75).

Girls—12 to 16. A GIRL CALLED HANK, by Amelia E. Walden (Morrow, \$2.50).

Index to

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

May through October, 1951

Vol. 15

Nos. 7 through 12

<i>Subject and Titles</i>	<i>Month Page</i>	<i>Subject and Titles</i>	<i>Month Page</i>
ADVENTURE. Gold Rush on the		Jew Finds the Messiah, A.....	May 117
Fraser River.....	June 102	King Mwanga's Boy Victims.....	July 123
I Go A-Whaling.....	Aug. 70	BOOKS OF CURRENT INTEREST, Aug.,	103
Justice Climbs a Mountain.....	July 84	Sept., 92; Oct.	113
Sawfish: Vicious Killer.....	May 93	Braille, Louis (Kugelmass).....	June 113
AMERICANA. Americans at		BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY. Factory	
Bunker Hill, The.....	May 12	That Ousted Time Clocks.....	Sept. 11
Coast to Coast in a Horseless		How to Invest \$2,500.....	Sept. 47
Carriage.....	May 84	What Inflation Does to You.....	Oct. 20
Deadwood Dick.....	July 88	CATHOLIC ACTION. Challenge in	
First Train Robbery.....	Oct. 8	Germany.....	May 108
'49ers Named Death Valley.....	Sept. 57	Dream of a Guy Named Joe.....	July 51
Prairie Before the Plow, The.....	Oct. 109	Father Peyton's First	
When Kids Played Run, Sheep,		Program.....	June 25
Run.....	June 29	CHINA. Great Scourge of China.....	Sept. 109
ANIMALS AND FISH. Can the		U. S. Perimeter in Asia.....	July 73
Salmon Survive?.....	Aug. 50	What Now in China?.....	June 38
Champ of the Poodle Dogs.....	May 19	China Story, The (Utley).....	June 38
Crucifix Fish, The.....	Aug. 84	Coming of the Flowers, The	
Fiddler Was a Fighting Dog.....	June 48	(Anderson).....	June 56
My Friend, the King Snake.....	Sept. 30	COMMUNISM. Alger Hiss.....	Sept. 1
ANTHROPOLOGY. Songs of the		Boy the Reds Couldn't Silence,	
Indian Tribes.....	May 38	The.....	June 75
APOLOGETICS. Answer to Paul		Did Stalin Murder Lenin?.....	May 58
Blanshard.....	Sept. 39	Great Scourge of China, The.....	Sept. 109
Protestant Looks at Schools.....	Aug. 21	Our Confused Liberals.....	Oct. 1
Appeal to Arms (Wallace).....	May 12	Revolt Cells at Work in	
Architect in the Wilderness.....	June 69	Russia.....	Aug. 44
ART. Cloisters in N. Y. City.....	Aug. 46	Russia Can't Take Alaska.....	May 5
"The Last Supper" Lives On.....	July 31	Russia Has Socialized	
Balkan Caesar (White).....	Oct. 23	Medicine.....	June 93
Baseball and Mr. Spalding		St. Jude and Robert Vogeler.....	Sept. 26
(Bartlett).....	July 78	Stephen and Stepinac.....	Oct. 76
Battle Submerged (Cope and		Tito, Dangerous Ally.....	Oct. 23
Karig).....	June 79	U. S. Perimeter in Asia.....	July 73
Better a Day (Patterson).....	July 40	UNRRA Paid Russian Check.....	Oct. 26
Beyond East and West (Wu).....	June 82	Wallace in Sovietland.....	July 46
BLIND, Braille's Victory for.....	June 113	What Now in China?.....	June 38
Victory in the Silent Dark.....	Oct. 12	Why Nobody Murders Stalin.....	May 62
Book of Kozma the Scribe, The.....	June 72	Women Can Work in Russia—	
Book of the Poodle, The		and How.....	July 18
(Tracy).....	May 19	Yom Kippur in Siberia.....	June 14
BOOK SECTIONS. Braille's Victory		Contrary Country (Hill).....	May 84
for the Blind.....	June 113	CONVERSION. Chinese Finds His	
How We Split the Atom.....	Aug. 105	Way, A.....	June 82
Inuk, Hunter of the Arctic.....	Oct. 97	Hitler's Godson.....	July 1

<i>Subject and Titles</i>	<i>Month</i>	<i>Page</i>	<i>Subject and Titles</i>	<i>Month</i>	<i>Page</i>
<i>Death Valley in '49 (Manly)</i>	Sept.	57	<i>Damon Runyon Still Fights</i>		
<i>DEVOTION. By Whom the Bells</i>			Cancer	June	88
Tolled	Sept.	84	<i>Don't Mix Foods That Feud</i>	June	64
Fifteen Mysteries, The.....	May	22	<i>Help Your Husband Avoid a</i>		
He Built a Church for His			Heart Attack	Sept.	8
Son	Sept.	14	<i>Is Johnny's Illness Serious?</i>	Sept.	105
Mary Is a Grand Old Name.....	Aug.	26	Salt May Kill You.....	Aug.	30
Rosary Under Mortar Fire.....	Oct.	30	Salt May Save You.....	Aug.	28
St. Jude and Robert Vogeler.....	Sept.	26	<i>Homemade Homes (Corey)</i>	May	48
<i>Early Days of Maryknoll, The</i>			<i>How About the Weather?</i>		
(✠ Lane)	July	28	(Fisher)	Sept.	71
<i>Ear of God, The (Peyton)</i>	June	25	<i>How to Stop Killing Yourself</i>		
<i>ECCLESIASTICS. Bishop Fulton J.</i>			(Steincrohn)	July	120
Sheen	Oct.	55	<i>In Search of London (Morton)</i>	Aug.	90
Blessed Pius X.....	June	1	<i>Inuk (Buliard)</i>	Oct.	97
Fights of Bishop Sheil, The.....	Aug.	75	<i>Is Another World Watching?</i>		
Pius XII and the U. S. A.....	May	1	(Heard)	July	92
<i>11 Years in Soviet Prison</i>			<i>Is There a 52 Club in Your</i>		
Camps (Lipper)	July	46	Town?	July	36
<i>FAMILY PSYCHOLOGY. Differences</i>			<i>It's All in Your Mind (Kiss)</i>	Aug.	87
Between Sex and Love, The.....	July	114	<i>It's Your Atomic Age (Del</i>		
Does Your Youngster Behave			Rey)	Aug.	105
at Table?.....	May	30	<i>KOREA. Girl Under Fire in</i>		
Don't Teach Your Child to			Korea	July	61
Lie	July	80	Korea on Your Front Lawn.....	May	111
Is Your Teen-Ager Safe in			<i>Letters to Martyrs (Homan)</i>	Oct.	76
That Car?.....	June	58	<i>LIVING, THE ART OF. Co-op Home</i>		
My Husband Was Wounded			Building at Three Rivers.....	Sept.	94
in Korea.....	Sept.	81	Get There on Time.....	May	42
Nobody Wins the Family			Homemade House Costs Half		
Quarrel	June	52	as Much, A.....	May	48
Progressive Education in			How to Take Good Portraits.....	Sept.	88
Pasadena	Oct.	89	Let Your Wife Pay the Bills.....	Aug.	67
Wait to Marry Your G.I.....	Aug.	41	Nobody Wins the Family		
When Junior Goes on a			Quarrel	June	52
Hunger Strike.....	Aug.	6	Where Traffic is Colossal.....	May	27
Feeling of Guilt, The.....	Oct.	49	You and Your Job.....	Aug.	53
<i>Fires of Namugongo, The</i>			You Can Be Popular.....	Aug.	87
(Howell)	July	123	Your Child's Eyesight and TV.....	June	42
<i>FLIGHTS OF FANCY. May, 53; June,</i>			<i>Living Tide, The (Berrill)</i>	Aug.	84
51; July, 83; Aug., 20; Sept.,			<i>Los Angeles Book (Shippey)</i>	May	27
20; Oct., 22			<i>Man Alive: You're Half Dead</i>		
<i>FOODS. Frenchman Dines in</i>			(Munro)	June	64
America, A.....	May	81	<i>Mary Is a Grand Old Name</i>	Aug.	26
Our Broken Staff of Life.....	July	25	<i>Maryknoll Story, The</i>		
How To Freeze Your Foods.....	Oct.	83	(Considine)	May	76
<i>Fraser, The (Hutchison)</i>	June	102	<i>May We Use A-Bomb First?</i>	Aug.	1
Gabriel: Patron of Television.....	July	9	<i>Meat for the Table (Bull)</i>	Oct.	83
God in Education (Van Dusen).....	Aug.	21	<i>Mother Goose and Mother</i>		
Great Mantle, The (Burton).....	June	1	Church	Sept.	52
Guilt (Houselander)	Oct.	49	<i>MUSIC. Hidden Star of the Met</i>	May	68
<i>HEALTH AND MEDICINE. Act</i>			Kreiser Fooled the Public.....	Sept.	67
Your Age.....	July	120	"Madame Butterfly" Failed		
Cortisone for All.....	Oct.	40	Only Once.....	June	110
			Waltz by Strauss.....	Aug.	56

<i>Subject and Titles</i>	<i>Month</i>	<i>Page</i>	<i>Subject and Titles</i>	<i>Month</i>	<i>Page</i>
<i>My Health Is Better in</i>			<i>First Jet Ace (Capt. James</i>		
<i>November (Babcock)</i>	June	48	<i>Jabara)</i>	Aug.	17
<i>NATURE. Anemone: Flower of</i>			<i>Mike DiSalle, Price</i>		
<i>the Holy Land</i>	June	56	<i>Policeman</i>	May	54
<i>Crucifix Fish, The</i>	Aug.	84	<i>True Valentino Story, The</i>	Aug.	10
<i>Trees for Your Table Top</i>	June	45	<i>Waltz by Strauss (Johann</i>		
<i>Never Leave Well Enough Alone</i>			<i>Strauss II)</i>	Aug.	56
<i>(Loewy)</i>	May	81	<i>Puccini (Morek)</i>	June	110
<i>New Soviet Empire, The</i>			<i>RACE RELATIONS. Gypsies Know</i>		
<i>(Dallin)</i>	June	93	<i>Suffering</i>	July	95
<i>Oil for the World (Schackne</i>			<i>No Jim Crow in Korea</i>	May	89
<i>and Drake)</i>	Aug.	59	<i>Our Town's Negro Ball Players</i>	Oct.	94
<i>100 Years of Baseball (Allen)</i>	May	113	<i>RELIGIOUS LIFE. Carpenter for</i>		
<i>OPEN DOOR, May, 18; June, 55; July,</i>			<i>the Persecuted</i>	July	40
<i>50; Aug., 42; Sept., 91; Oct.</i>			<i>Four Chaplains Carry On</i>	May	45
<i>OPEN EXIT</i>	July, 11; Aug.	43	<i>Rose Bowl, The (Samuelson)</i>	Oct.	85
<i>Pacelli: Pope of Peace, Eugenio</i>			<i>SCIENCE. Bees Can Talk</i>	July	92
<i>(Halecki)</i>	May	1	<i>Grow Your Own Orchids</i>	July	12
<i>Photography for Teen-Agers</i>			<i>Here's How Bridges are Built</i>	July	99
<i>(Marshall)</i>	Sept.	88	<i>How to Find Oil</i>	Aug.	59
<i>PICTURE STORIES. Alaska's</i>			<i>How We Split the Atom</i>	Aug.	105
<i>Father Hubbard</i>	May	33	<i>Vatican Radio 1951</i>	Oct.	45
<i>Americans All</i>	Sept.	96	<i>Wind and the Weather, The</i>	Sept.	71
<i>DP's—From No Place to Some</i>			<i>Your Car of the Future</i>	Sept.	21
<i>Place</i>	Oct.	118	<i>Sins of Parents (Doyle)</i>	July	80
<i>Fiesta of Stars</i>	Aug.	97	<i>Six Ways to Get a Job</i>		
<i>First Legion, The</i>	July	105	<i>(Boynton)</i>	Aug.	53
<i>Gay Twins, The</i>	June	106	<i>So Away I Went (Stout)</i>	Sept.	21
<i>Girl from Hiroshima, The</i>	June	96	<i>SPORTS. Author Who Won the</i>		
<i>Home-Run Hitter at Home</i>	Sept.	33	<i>Olympics, The</i>	June	62
<i>Little Paper with a Big</i>			<i>Baseball's Dead-Ball Era</i>	May	113
<i>Cause</i>	Sept.	123	<i>Days of the Shillelagh</i>	July	15
<i>Men and Women at Work</i>	Oct.	63	<i>Four Horsemen's Last Ride</i>	Oct.	85
<i>Nuns in Wartime</i>	May	96	<i>How I Beat Jack Dempsey</i>	June	19
<i>Old Glory</i>	July	65	<i>Slide, Kelly, Slide!</i>	July	78
<i>Playmates</i>	Aug.	125	<i>30,000 Little Big-Leaguers</i>	Aug.	12
<i>Silent Farmers</i>	June	32	<i>Submarine Surgery</i>	June	79
<i>War Photos—Crimea to</i>			<i>THIS STRUCK ME, May, 80; June, 13;</i>		
<i>Korea</i>	Aug.	33	<i>July, 60; Aug., 32; Sept., 13;</i>		
<i>Pillar of Fire, The (Stern)</i>	May	117		Oct.	54
<i>Pinkerton Story, The (Horan</i>			<i>Thornbush from Ireland, A</i>	June	10
<i>and Swiggett)</i>	Oct.	8	<i>Three-Quarter Time (Pastene)</i>	Aug.	56
<i>POLITICS. Don't Duck Jury</i>	Aug.	63	<i>Three to Get Married (Sheen)</i>	July	114
<i>Land for Italy's Landless</i>	Oct.	36	<i>Total Empire (Walsh)</i>	Aug.	1
<i>UNRRA Paid the Russian</i>			<i>TRAVEL. Budget for Your Trip</i>		
<i>Check</i>	Oct.	26	<i>to Fatima</i>	July	54
<i>We Need Immigrants</i>	Sept.	76	<i>Building of Westminster</i>		
<i>Politics of Murder, The</i>			<i>Abbey, The</i>	Aug.	90
<i>(Bornstein)</i>	May	58	<i>Farm on the Edge of the</i>		
<i>PROFILE. Blessed Pius X</i>	June	1	<i>World</i>	May	72
<i>Bob Considine Story, The</i>	July	103	<i>Gathering of the Clans</i>	Aug.	81
<i>By Whom the Bells Told</i>			<i>VOCATIONS. Kid Down the Block</i>	May	76
<i>(Gregory Silverio)</i>	Sept.	84	<i>War in Korea (Higgins)</i>	July	61
<i>Dizzy Dean Isn't So Dizzy</i>	July	21	<i>What Makes Paratroopers</i>		
<i>Father Price of Maryknoll</i>	July	28	<i>Jump</i>	July	6

DP's

No Place to Some Place

IN TODAY'S long record of war-made homelessness, one chapter stands out hopefully. It is the successful settlement of most of the 1,121,000 displaced persons. After six years of cooperation in the program, governmental and religious groups view gratefully the placement of these men, women, and children now prospering in new homes. The project is the largest peacetime resettlement program in world history.

Of the 300,000 DP's who will have entered the U. S. by the end of 1951, over a third are Catholics, brought here through War Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Farmers, professors, technicians, factory hands leave tragic homelands behind them. Their homes have been cut off by the Iron Curtain; many have spent six postwar years of waiting in crowded makeshift camps in all parts of Europe. Freedom and opportunity await them in the U. S. These are gifts which help them to overcome the obstacles of a new language, the bewildering mechanization and the great distances found here.

The Christ-like work of caring for these unfortunates whose governments can no longer protect them is urged by Pope Pius XII. To carry on the Church's role in this field, the Holy Father organized the International Catholic Migration commission this past summer. Charity—in Europe, in the near East, in Korea—cannot stop at borders. The faces of the DP's shown on the following pages, before, during and after placement, speak eloquently of the value of this vast work of rescue. Promises of homes and jobs for the final group of DP's are still urgently sought by War Relief Services.



This DP living-dining-kitchen-bedroom has only paper screens for side walls.

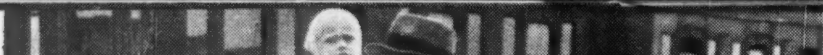


Rows of double-decker bunks mark DP camps all over Europe. Often ten families are in one room.



DP kids usually don't have toys. These two are in luck. They have a dog.

Life in a DP Camp



Work is eagerly
sought. This
shoemaker mends
shoes of other DP's.



Makeshift tables
below serve refugees
who have just
arrived from across
the Iron Curtain.

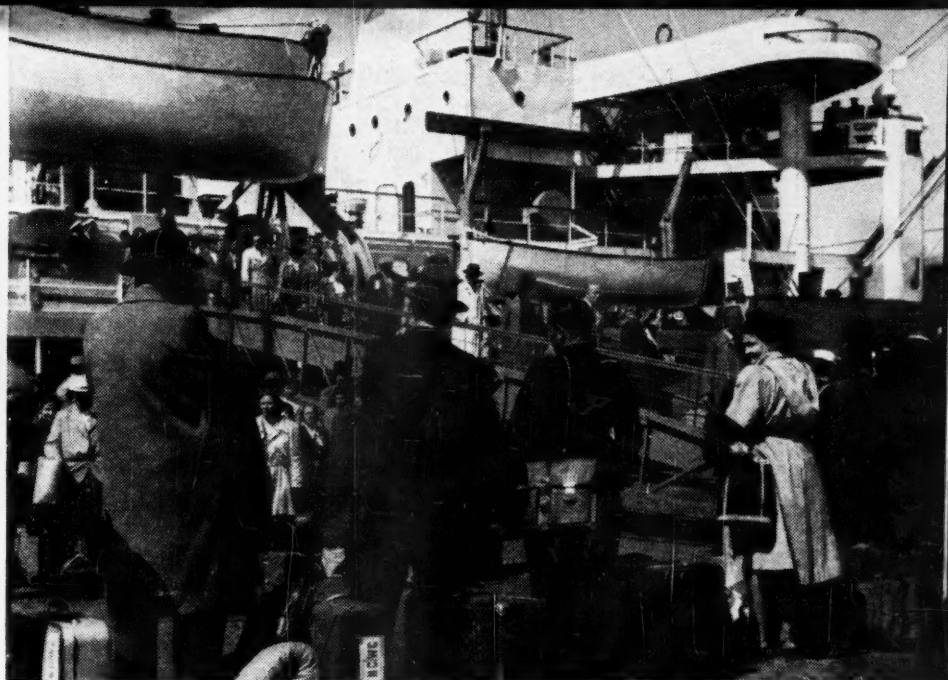




Is it really time to go? The Choromanski family (above) are early for their train. It will take them to Bremerhaven. There, they will ship to

America. Below: American hospitality begins with the first meal on board. The children eagerly and anxiously watch the big pitcher of hot chocolate.





All Aboard! Army transports like the General Sturgis carry full DP cargoes to new homes across the Atlantic.

En Route to a New Life

Emilia and Jonas have a final medical checkup. Political, personal and health records are scrutinized before entry into the U. S.





Young DP's fit into the American scene quickly and enthusiastically. Donald Skucas (above) tends his paper route in Plainfield, N. J. Donald, 16, attends the local high school. He likes to play soccer. He hopes to become an engineer. (His sisters are shown on a later page.)

At Home in the U. S.



Twelve-year-old Wanda Woloch teaches English to her Polish-speaking mother and elder sister, in Savannah, Georgia.



There are no mules in the Ukraine, but Vitals Ginsbeguli is on good working terms with his in Mississippi. At first, Vitals says, it seemed "like a tiger."



Joseph Furgala sits proudly on the tractor he runs for a large farm in Turrell, Tex. He hopes to have his own farm some day.



DP Days are Over

Eugene Kropecky and Michael Havryluk are busy in a St. Louis realty office.



Only seven of the eight Deutschmann children are shown above with Anastasia Bukalo who keeps house for the Deutschmanns in St. Louis.



Father and son, Emil and Dr. Rado Kinzhuber, study weed control in Texas.



Happy Mildred and Evelyn Skucas practice ballet after school hours.

Gratitude for a Patrimony

DURING the International Congress on Charity held in Rome for the Holy Year, one fact was stressed: *Care for victims of world conflict will play a crucial part in our efforts to create a world based on Christian principles.* Speaking for the Catholics of the U. S., Msgr. Edward E. Swanstrom, Director of War Relief Services, N. C. W. C., said in his address to the congress, "We American Catholics have no cause to glory in our achievement. Rather we should give thanks for those who suffered that we might have the Patrimony of Faith."



For a new life . . . thanks.
For those left behind, a prayer.

**"LOPEZ
SPEAKING"**



Vincent Lopez

HOTEL TAFT
NEW YORK

As a regular reader of the Catholic Digest for several years, I'd like to congratulate you on putting out a great magazine. The material and philosophy in the Digest is always interesting and has appeal to people of every faith. Another appealing point about the Catholic Digest, is its size. We in show business, spend much of our time running around from place to place. We are forced to get our reading in snatches but that does not mean we want the quality diminished. The Catholic Digest answers both purposes. We always know we will get the best reading matter at the minimum amount of words.

I find the Digest very useful in preparing my radio shows and often quote from it.

Thank you very much for making a crowded schedule much more livable and enjoyable. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

Vincent Lopez
Vincent Lopez

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